# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15 1888. $4 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 23


### MY HEART.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

My heart was once like a cage of birds,
Singing, ah! so merrily;
There was Hope, and Faith, and Youth, and Love,
Warbling there so cheerily!

My heart is now like a lonely nest,
Whence the brooding birds have flown,
That nestled tenderly on my breast,
With a cooing, dovelike moan!

My heart was once like a fairy barque,
Loaded deep with precious freight;
Pure pearls of Truth, rare rubies of Trust,
And diamonds no crown could mate!

My heart is now like a storm-tossed boat,
Drifting drearily to and fro;
Lost in darkness, no compass to tell
If e'er there'll be end to its woe!

# A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

NELLIE'S tears were dried and she was happy now. She had thrust the handkerchief into her bosom, and held her hand over it, pressing it against her heart as if it was something imbued with life and warmth, and now and again she glanced shyly up in his face, at the face so grave and stern, with all its lines deepened by the effort it cost him to remain in the midst of the excited, shouting crowd.

Its sadness struck her at last, for she said timidly:

"Are you cold, Mr. Raven?"

He started: he had forgotten her.

"Cold? No, Nellie, are you? Will you have my coat on?"

"No, no; oh, no!" she said, putting up her hand, for his had already gone to the top button. "Why you would get cold then, and I'd rather——"

She stopped. Two or three men came close behind them, and they were talking loudly.

"Fine, ain't it?" said one. "Lannon itself couldn't beat un, I should say! Send and save us, but it must a cost a mint o' money! It's a grand thing to be a lord, Tummas!"

"So you may well say!" returned "Tummas." "This 'ere lord is one o' the right sort; dang me if he ain't. Lor', it was a lucky thing for Sandford as he come into the title. A very narrer squeak that were too!"

"As how?" inquired the first.

"Well, you see, this 'ere Lord Carr-Lyon was just a poor man like me an' you, barrin' his quality, o' course, and lo, and behold! as one might say, his old uncle, as was the earl, dies, and the very same week his two cousins, as stood between him an' the title, an' there you are, you see. Fortune's wheel, my lad! If them two young chaps hadn't been drownded out in their yachting, why this 'ere chap 'ere at Lydcote would have been a poor man still!"

Clifford listened, his face stern and set.

"Lawks a mussy, that was narrer! But it's lucky for us as he took a fancy to settlin' here, bean't it?"

The other man laughed.

"If you says as he took a fancy to Miss Kate, you'd be nearer the mark. Why, man, doan't 'ee know that he's built up this big place and set these grand doin's afoot just to pleasure her! Come along, let's get some more beer."

Clifford's face grew pale, and he set his teeth. The torture of self-restraint was getting unendurable. Fortunately at that moment Mr. Wood appeared.

"Well, it's as easy to look for a needle in a bottle of hay as to search for folks in this amazin' crowd!" he said cheerily. "Well, Nellie, enjoyin' the fireworks? I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Raven; I thought as how my little girl would be safe in your hands."

"Thank you," said Clifford. "I'll resign her to you now, for I will get home, I think. Good-night, Nellie," and he raised his hat and disappeared.

"Seemed in a mighty hurry to be gone," said Mr. Wood, with a smile.

Nellie looked after him with a sigh, all her happiness gone in a moment.

"Yes, father," she said sadly.

Clifford thrust his hands into his pockets and strode off, his brain whirling, his eyes aching. For a mile, until he had reached the cliff, he found himself unable to think, to recall even the events of the evening; but presently the cold sea air and the silent night calmed him.

"Now let me think!" he exclaimed, and he flung himself on the ground. "Oh, Kate! oh, my angel! Gone from me forever! 'My' angel!"—bitterly. "Why, you were never mine, but his! Arthur Caresford's, the Earl of Carr-Lyon! The Earl of Carr-Lyon! Am I mad, or have I forgotten my own name? My uncle dead, Harold and Clare, who would have succeeded him, drowned, and Arthur Caresford the earl—why, I am the earl How can it be otherwise, while I am alive?"

The words seemed to dart across his brain like a flash of lightning and illumine the mystery.

With a cry, he sprang up, his arms outstretched.

"Merciful Heaven, I see it all! They think me dead! The major has robbed me of my title as well as my money! Yes, that is it! That was why he hid my name from her—that was why he called me Clifford Raven! Oh, God! I see it all! He has sworn to my death that this man, Arthur, may take the title, and he has sold Kate to him!"

Yes, it was all made plain in one of those sudden mental revelations which are next door to the miraculous.

With a cry he raised his hand.

"The cowardly—— No, no! he is her father! But it shall not be! 'Too late!' No, it is not too late! I will save her—I will have my own! I am the Earl of Carr-Lyon, and it is me whom she shall marry! Oh, Kate, Kate!"

He thrust his hair from his forehead, hot with perspiration, and strode along the path, gesticulating and addressing the sullen waves that rolled beneath him, so absorbed, so dazed, so excited by the sudden unveiling of the mystery, that he did not hear the footsteps that, like a stealthy echo of his own, followed close behind him.

He would go to Sandford in the morning—it was morning now!—and confront the major and Arthur Caresford, this cousin of his who called himself Earl of Carr-Lyon, forsooth—confront them, unmask the major, and save Kate.

He would be generous to both of them: the major should be pensioned off, and an allowance made to Arthur, and then he would go to Kate and say:

"It is not too late. If you love me, be my wife, and in very truth the Countess of Carr-Lyon!"

His heart throbbed at the new hope that had sprung up within his breast. All had looked so black a few hours ago, and now the dark night of his disappointment and misery was giving place to the dawn of this brighter day.

His Kate! Yes, she loved him: the tone in which those two agonized words, "Too late!" were uttered had told him that. She loved him.

He stretched out his hands towards Sandford with an almost audible cry of joy and delight.

How happy they would be! He would devote every hour of his life to her; he would take her abroad—he'd buy a yacht—Italy, Spain—she should go everywhere. And Caresford, the ancestral home, they should live there, and all her people—his people—should love her, and—he stopped short, and threw up his arms and laughed aloud in new-born happiness.

Then he began to descend the narrow path to the quarry, with a light and careless step, for he felt as if he were walking on air, and had reached the narrow ledge from which he had sprung to save Nellie, when a dark figure seemed to spring from the undergrowth just above him.

He looked up with a little start, for he had heard no sound before, and asked sharply:

"Who is there?"

"You'll know soon enough?" came the reply, accompanied by a savage laugh, and Vyse sprang down beside him.

"You, Vyse?" said Clifford gravely, but not unpleasantly, for he felt too happy to be suspicious or unamiable. "What are you doing here? This is not your way home."

"It's my way as much as yours, I reckon?" said Vyse.

He had had more drink since Clifford had seen him, but he was still sober enough to know what he was saying and doing, and there was a tone of suppressed ferocity in his voice which at once put Clifford on his guard; he set his foot firmly on the narrow ledge and looked at him steadily.

"No; for this is the way to my cottage, and you live on the heath. I should advise you to get home as quickly as you can. Good-night."

"Keep your advice till you're asked for it!" retorted Vyse savagely. "I'll go when I please! I want a word with you Mr. Raven, and I mean to have it!"

"You shall have a half a hundred if you like," said Clifford, watching him closely; "only, for goodness sake, be quick; I want to get home, if you do not. What is it about?"

"You know well enough!" came the reply, with a savage oath. "It's about Nellie!"

"About Nellie?" said Clifford gravely. "Look here, Vyse, don't you think we should talk more comfortably by daylight: come and breakfast with me in the morning, and we'll talk for half an hour, if you like."

"No; we'll say what we've got to say here and now!" said Vyse. "I've followed you on purpose, and I mean to have it out wi' you! Now, Mr. Raven, what do you mean to do about the gal?"

Clifford bit his lip, but maintained his self-restraint.

"What do you mean?" he said sternly. "But don't answer—it strikes me you are in no mood to talk or hear reason, just now. Get on home, Vyse, and—sleep on it."

Vyse swore.

"Neither me nor you goes home till you have answered, mister," he said threateningly. "Look here, I mean to have it out with you, and I will! Do you think I'm a dog, that you can order about and wipe your feet on? I'm a man, and as good a man as you, and I'm not in the cursed quarry at your order just at present. We are face to face, man to man, Mr. Raven, to-night, and I ask you what you mean to do about the gal?"

"If you mean Miss Nellie—and look here, Vyse, I'll trouble you to speak of her with proper respect——"

"Oh! you will, will you?" snarled Vyse: "'with a proper respect'! And that's how you're a treatin' her, are you? Curse you, do you think I don't know your game? Do you think I ain't seen it ever since you came here? Curse you, what did you come here for?—why don't you go? Nobody wants you, with your grand airs and fine-gentleman manners! We was happy and comfortable together till you come, and she wasn't too proud to speak to me—as she is now. But I know who's taught her; it's you, Mr. Raven, with your soft voice and smilin' face. It's you as robbed me of her——"

He stopped, and dashed the perspiration from his forehead, and shook his clenched fist.

"She's been different ever since that mornin' you was supposed to have saved her from the blastin' rock—not that she was in any danger—I saw that; but from that moment she's been different to me, and you can't deny it——"

"You don't give me much chance of agreeing with you or otherwise," said Clifford calmly. "Come, Vyse, be sensible. I can make allowance for a man in your condition. You have had a drop too much, and you've got some absurd jealousy into——"

"It's a lie!—I'm as sober as you are!" broke in Vyse, with a snarl; "a darn sight too sober to be took in with your soft talk. You can get over an innocent girl, but you can't deceive me. I says again, What are you going to do? Do you mean to give her up, and take yourself off——?"

Clifford laughed shortly.

"If you are not drunk, you are mad, Vyse," he said. "We won't talk about Miss Nellie, please; and as to taking myself off, I haven't the least intention of so doing, and if I had, your language would go very far to induce me to remain. Now, don't stop to talk any more nonsense, but go home, there's a good fellow."

"You won't give her up, then? Stop"—for Clifford had opened his lips to reply to him with some anger—"hear what I've got to say. Long before you came, I'd been makin' up to her, and I'd have got her to be my wife—yes, you may smile——"

"I didn't smile," said Clifford quietly. "But I think you are mistaken, Vyse; but I don't want to discuss the question with you, and I won't. If you won't go, I will. Good-night, Vyse!" and he took a step forward.

"Stop!" cried Vyse hoarsely, and with an oath: "if you offer to pass me, I'll pitch you into the quarry!"

"I thought that was what you wanted to do," said Clifford as quietly as before. "You are a strong fellow, Vyse, but you are not strong enough for that. Stand aside, man! I've no wish to quarrel with you; stand aside, and let me pass!"

"Not an inch!" blared Vyse. "You're right! I meant to chuck you into the quarry, and I will!" and setting his teeth, he flung himself upon him.

Clifford was not unprepared. He had been expecting either a blow or a spring, and he received his assailant firmly and steadily

The two men grappled each other, swaying too and fro on the narrow ledge, their faces close together, their breath coming hot and fast; occasionally one or both swayed right over the quarry, but they were both used to climbing and maintaining their foothold upon small spaces, and for a time they managed to struggle and writhe and yet keep on their legs.

But it was evident that it could not last long. Vyse's grip was a tight one, but it was weakened by the excess of his passion, whereas Clifford was calm and alert.

"Look here, Vyse," he panted, "you cannot throw me down, and I shall have to

throw you, if you don't let go. Let go, you madman!"

For answer, Vyse ground his teeth, and tightening his hold, made a frantic effort to force his antagonist over the edge.

Clifford saw that it was useless to argue with him, and that if he meant to save his own limbs, or perhaps life, he must disable the unfortunate being who clung to him in a sort of frenzy. Bracing himself, therefore, for a great effort, he stooped slightly, and lowering his grip, actually raised Vyse in his arms, and with a shake to loosen his grip, Clifford flung him over.

Vyse uttered a cry—half a scream of terror, half a yell of baffled fury—then Clifford heard him strike against the ledges of rock at his feet.

Clifford waited a moment or two and then, hearing nothing scrambled down.

"Vyse! Vyse!" he called; "are you hurt? Come, man, answer up! It was your own fault! Where are you?"

There came no answer, and Clifford, listening a moment to see if he could hear Vyse's retreating footsteps, made his way to the cottage and returned with a lantern to the jut of the ledge.

As he did so he saw, in the yellow light shown by the lantern, Vyse sitting on a piece of rock holding his head in his hands. He raised it as Clifford approached, and shot a savage glance at him. Clifford saw a stream of blood running down his now white face.

"Hallo, Vyse!" he said cheerfully. "Are you hurt? Not much, I hope. Any limbs broken? Let me see."

Vyse put up his hand.

"Stand back!" he snarled fiercely.

"Oh, nonsense," said Clifford in a matter-of-fact way. "Don't bear malice, man. It was a fair stand-up tussle; one of us had to go, you know; and you attacked me, not I you. Get up on your feet and let's see what's the matter."

Vyse could not move, and Clifford put his hand under his arm and firmly but gently raised him.

"There, man, don't be huffy. Let bygones be by-gones. You seem pretty sound. You're shivering. Are you cold? Look here, take my arm and come along to the cottage."

Vyse, as if fascinated, got up and limped by his side, but refused his proffered arm.

They reached the cottage, and Clifford drew a chair to the fireplace.

"Sit down," he said. "The peat is still alight, and I'll get some wood and make a comfortable blaze. Sit down, man, and don't bear malice like a child," and he gently forced Vyse into the chair, got some wood and drew up the fire.

Then he put on the kettle, spread a cloth on the table, and set about making some coffee.

"A cup of coffee is what you want, Vyse," he said pleasantly. "Nothing like coffee to brace a man up."

As he spoke he took off his overcoat, and finding Vyse's eyes staring at the dress clothes and white shirt-front—pretty considerably tumbled by the struggle—he said with a light laugh:

"Looking at my finery, Vyse? Rather grand for a quarryman, isn't it? But never mind, I'll tell you why I put it on, and all about it, some day. The fact is, Vyse, I've heard good news to-night, and—and I couldn't afford to let you break my neck! When a man who has seen a great deal of the rough and ugly in his life, sees it all clearing away and the dawn of happiness just breaking, it's the worst time you can choose for threatening his life; he doesn't care to lose it, you see."

Vyse's face flushed and his eyes gleamed. To his meaner nature Clifford's words sounded like a boast, and he thought it was another way of telling him that Nelly had promised to be Clifford's wife.

"But never mind," said Clifford, "we won't talk any more about our little disagreement, my friend! Just take my advice, Vyse, and give up all thought of Miss Nellie! It's a bad thing for a man to set his heart upon a thing he can't get! There are other women besides Nellie, though, I'll admit, few sweeter and prettier; and, Vyse, just one more word and I've done: leave the drink alone! You're not a bad fellow, I think, and I know you are a good workman! Stick to your work, and shy the bottle away! I've seen so many good fellows go under! It will be a hard struggle, I know; all the harder, perhaps, if you stay here! Why not go away, Vyse? Look here, I'm not a rich man—at present," he added, with a faint smile, "but you are welcome to the little coin I've got! Take it, and clear out from Wood's quarry."

Vyse's lips grew tighter, and his eyes more evil, but he said nothing.

"Kettle's boiling! First-rate fire this peat makes, doesn't it?" said Clifford.

"It wants poking!" grunted Vyse, and he stooped down and picked up the heavy bar of iron that did duty for the poker.

"Don't touch it till I've filled the coffee-pot," said Clifford, and he knelt down and stretched out his hand to the kettle.

As he did so, Vyse raised the iron bar, and giving it a swing over his shoulder, as if it were a pick, brought it down upon the back of Clifford's head.

The coffee-pot fell with a clang, and rolled under the grate, and the stricken man groped blindly with his hands for a second or two, then fell back upon the hearthrug.

A profound silence fell upon the place, broken only by the cheery singing of the kettle. Vyse stood over the prostrate form of the man who had tried to be his friend, and looked down at him with white face and bloodshot eyes.

"So I was to be driven away, was I; to leave a clear field for you," he muttered savagely. "I think it's you as 'ull go, and I as 'ull stay, Mister Raven."

Then with a hoarse chuckle he knelt down beside the motionless figure, and thrust his hand into his bosom.

"Dead as a herrin'!" he muttered.

He got up and looked around.

"What shall I do with him? Set fire to the cottage!"

The idea seemed to please him for a moment or two, and he took a brand from the fire; then he hesitated.

"Make too much flame," he muttered. "They'd come before it was burnt down, most like, and find him."

He flung the brand back again, and picking up the pot, made some coffee, and deliberately drank a cup, staring at the prone figure lying with white, upturned face and clenched fists.

Then another idea seemed to occur to him, and he went to the door and listened. There was no sound excepting the plash of the incoming tide against the jetty; and returning to his victim he stooped down and drew the still figure upon his back.

Freighted by his ghastly burden he made his way down the narrow path, and slowly and carefully traversing the level ground of quarry, laid it upon a pile of rocks which had last been displaced.

Then he drew himself upright and looked up.

"They'll think he fell over," he muttered hoarsely.

He looked up again, and, smitten by a third idea, he hurried back to the cottage.

There was a little shed or lean-to at the back in which Clifford kept the blasting cartridges. Vyse knew where to find them and getting a couple and a piece of fuse, he, retraced his steps to where he had left Clifford, and placing the cartridges in a crevice of the rock just above him, connected the fuse and lighted it.

"It will save digging a grave, anyhow," he said, with an awful laugh. "You saved the girl, did you mister. Well, now you can save yourself; and you'll have to look mighty sharp, too, for in less than a half an hour that lump of rock will be on top of you!"

And with this cheerful farewell he began retreating, his face towards Clifford.

"It's very neat that," he muttered. "They'll think it was one of the cartridges the chaps are so fond of leaving around, and that it went off just as he was passing. Good-bye, Mister Raven."

His retreating footsteps accompanied by the pitter-patter of small rocks displaced by his progress died away. The stars looked down with twinkling eyes, the waves plashed against the jetty, and in the narrow crevice just above where the motionless figure of Desmond Carr-Lyon, earl of that ilk lay, slowly burnt the fuse which was to blast out his tomb.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE Edreworks were nearly over, and the crowd stood in a dense mass before the set-piece supposed to represent the battle of Waterloo.

The strains of the Sandford brass band joined with the hissing of squibs and crackers and the shouts of the people.

Someone, in an extremely beery voice called out for three cheers for Lord Carr-Lyon, and the cheers rose, and deafened the band. The earl came out on the terrace and bowed; the crowd cheered again and began to melt away.

Mr. Wood stayed among the last, Nellie clinging to his arm.

"Hadn't we better go, father?" she said for the twentieth time; for after Clifford had left, all her delight in the proceedings had mysteriously vanished, and she felt dispirited and nervous, and longed to get away from the noise and the glare.

"Right, Nellie," said her father. "Yes we'd better go now; but where's Mr. Raven? I expect he'd like to keep us company."

"Mr. Raven's gone," she said with a smothered sigh. "He has gone some little time. Let us go now, father," she added anxiously, "some how I feel as if I wanted to get home."

"You're tired, my lass," he said, "for what a night it have been! It's a grand thing to be an earl! What a swell our Mr. Raven looked, didn't he? Blest if I scarcely knew him. You mark my words, Nell, he's a gentleman o' consequence if all was known. I said it from the first. I reckon we shan't have him staying at the quarry long!"

Nellie looked up at him with a quick, frightened little glance, but said nothing; but she drew him along more quickly.

There was a crowd at the gate—a surging, moving, and much elated crowd—and they found themselves wedged close to the foreman. He touched his cap.

"Seen anything of Mr. Raven?" asked Mr. Wood.

"No, sir. I missed him some time ago, and Vyse, too. I think they've gone on home. Vyse ought to have gone hours ago, by rights," he added significantly.

Nellie shuddered and pressed closer to her father. The man's name affected her strangely, and a singular presentiment of dread sat upon her gentle bosom.

They got clear of the crowd presently, and reached the high road.

"We ought to 'a' brought the trap, Nell," said Mr. Wood; "though it's so plaguey dark, and there's so many about that we'd most like to have an accident. Some of these chaps will come to grief to-night, I'll be bound," and he chuckled. "There won't be much work done in the quarry to-morrow. I wonder whether Mr. Raven has gone on home yet or not?" and he stopped.

"Yes, yes; I am sure—I feel that he has, father," Nellie said hurriedly. "Please—please come on."

"Well, you be in a hurry," he remarked complacently, but he quickened his pace and they stepped out along the road.

After a time the crowd grew less, and they had the way to themselves.

Nellie gazed up at the stars with a wistful look in her violet eyes. Just as far above her seemed Clifford Raven as were they!

"He's a gentleman—a gentleman!" she murmured to herself; "and I am only a poor, untaught girl. He does not give a thought to me, not one! I am mad—mad to think of him; and yet—and yet I can't help it!"

Suddenly a star shot from mid-heaven and seemed to leave a track of fire in its path, and she started and uttered a little cry.

"What are you feared of, Nell?" exclaimed her father.

"I—I don't know, father," she said tremulously; "but I feel nervous and anxious, somehow. I wish—ah, I do wish we were at home."

"P'raps you wouldn't feel so narvous if Mr. Raven was here," said the old man, with a chuckle.

Her face flushed and then grew pale again, but she said nothing; and in silence they walked on, the old man with his heavy stride, the girl with her quick, springy step. Presently they came to the path running along the top of the quarry.

"Nearly home now, Nell," he said encouragingly. "You be tired, I expect."

"Yes, I am tired, father," she said; then she looked towards the dark depths of the quarry, and shuddered slightly.

"Cold, Nell?" he asked.

"I'm not cold, but a chill seemed to run through me. It looks so dark down there in the quarry. Father, oughtn't there to be a stronger fence around the edge? See, it has fallen away in places. Anyone that didn't know the quarry might fall over ——"

He laughed.

"What's took you to-night, Nell? Who should walk there 'cept us and the men, and I reckon there ain't one of 'em likely to tumble over 'cepting' he was in liquor. You're as narvous as a colt to-night. Seems to me all these gay doin's has reg'lar upset you!"

"I suppose I must be tired," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, there's the light in the window at home, Nell," he said cheerily, "and there's the light in the quarry cottage, so you needn't be anxious. Mr. Raven's got safe home—why, what's the matter with you now?"

Nelly had suddenly drawn her hand from his arm, and was stooping forward, peering over the edge of the quarry.

"What is it, Nell?" he demanded.

She beckoned him.

"Father, look! The door is wide open!"

He stooped down and peered as she was doing.

"So it is. Well, what o' that? He feels heated most like and is getting a little air!"

"Hot, to-night!" she said with a little shudder. "Oh, no, father—it's impossible."

He laughed.

"Well, I suppose he can set his door open if he like. What ails you, Nell?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "Do—do you think he is in there father? Perhaps someone, some stranger, some thief has got in——"

"A thief!" he laughed. "What, to steal the silver plate and jewels! Don't 'ee be foolish now, Nell."

"I am foolish father, I know," she said almost piteously. "But I am so nervous and—and anxious. Let us wait a minute or two and see—Listen!" and she clutched the old man's arm. "I can hear someone moving in the quarry!"

He listened, knitting his brow.

"Tut, tut, your ears ain't sharp enough to hear all this way, Nell. There is nobody there; who should be this time o' night? The quarry ain't a gold mine to tempt folks there!"

"But I did hear—I can hear!" she persisted. "There again, father!" and her voice grew strained and solemn in its impressiveness. "There is some one moving down there, I know it!"

"Well, let him move!" he said stolidly. "Most like it's Mr. Raven himself taking a turn and a pipe before he goes to bed; he's rather strange in his ways, you know."

"Father, it is not Mr. Raven," she said with an air of conviction; "it is someone moving about quietly as if they didn't want to be heard!"

He stared at her, half amused and half impatient.

"Why, you're as fanciful as a three-year-old! Come along home or you will make me as bad as yourself!" and he laughed.

She allowed him to lead her from the spot, but all the way from there to the cottage she looked back, listening as one listens for some sound expected and dreaded.

When they got inside, the old man got out the brandy-flask and poured out some liquor.

"Here, drink this, Nell," he said, "and then get to bed, that's the place for you, my lass. And don't 'ee get up so early to-morrow morning. To-morrow, why bless us it's to-morrow morning now."

She drank the brandy with a little shudder, and her father forced a candlestick into her hand and she kissed him, and went slowly up to her little room under the roof.

She heard her father lock and bolt the door, and a few minutes afterwards his heavy step upon the stairs, and she threw off her hat and jacket.

But it seemed as if it were impossible for her to undress, and she stood in the centre of the room listening and looking at the curtained window towards the quarry.

There was no feeling of weariness, only an awful presentiment of coming ill—of evil that was near, very near at hand.

The feeling grew upon her so steadily and deeply that at last, as if irresistibly impelled by it, she crept down the stairs, unfastened the door, and passed out into the cold and dark.

She stood on the threshold listening fearfully, but the sounds from the quarry—if, indeed, there had been any—had ceased; all was silent as the grave.

Yet still the dreadful feeling possessed her, and, as if drawn by a spell, she drew a shawl she had caught up over her head she went swiftly to the path leading down the side of the incline to the cottage.

It was steep, and the night was dark, but her feet were too familiar with it to make a false step.

In a few minutes she stood on the threshold of the cottage door—stood like a ghost, and hesitated.

Supposing he would be there, what would he think of her for coming to him, alone, at that hour? What explanation of her visit could she give?

She turned, and retraced her steps for a few yards, then, with a little sob, she breathed:

"I must!—I must!" and hurrying back to the cottage, looked in.

The room was empty. The light was on the table, the fire burned brightly, the kettle was boiling over on the hob, but the room was empty.

Surely he had not gone to bed, and left the front door open!

She stepped in fearfully and called his name timidly.

"Mr. Raven—Mr. Raven!"

Silence profound as the stars.

Half mechanically she went to the fire and, woman-like, she lifted the kettle down.

As she did so, she saw a little pool upon the rug.

She glanced at the table and the coffee-cup—it was lying side downwards.

It was strange; the open door, the kettle left boiling, the coffee-cup thrown down; and he, she knew, was so orderly and neat in his ways!

And the pool on the hearthrug—what did it mean?

She stooped down anxiously and touched it with her fingers.

Then she sprang up and away from it with a cry of horror and dread, holding her hand away from her, and glaring at it with wild, distended eyes; for the pool was blood!

For a moment the room seemed to spin around, and she felt sick and giddy, but she darted to the door of the next room, and opened it.

The room was empty!

No second cry came. Flinging her shawl from her, as if even it impeded her movements, she caught up the lantern and lit it, and then darted out through the door.

She held the lantern to the ground, and peered at it, then she uttered a low cry, for the light revealed a thin line of red.

As if it were a thread to guide her, she followed it swiftly, going across the rough stony path as if her feet were wings.

Then suddenly she stooped, and setting the lantern down, threw herself on her knees beside that which she was seeking.

She had found him!

One awful shriek rose from her lips, a shriek that seemed to cleave the hollow and wake the myriad echoes with an awful sound; then she raised his head upon her bosom and laid her face on his.

It was cold, and moist with the heavy dews that had fallen on it. She put her hand into his bosom as Vyse had done,—but how differently!

There was no movement of the heart. Then she looked round wildly, as a tigress might look as it found its beloved cubs slain; a look of imploration to Earth—to Heaven.

And as her despairing gaze swept round, it was caught by a tiny flash of light above her head.

She stared at it incomprehensively for a moment, then she understood.

With a scream she threw her arms round the motionless form and raised it; it was heavy—a dead weight—but to love the Impossible becomes the Possible! Faith can move mountains,—love enabled this girl to perform a miracle!

Inch by inch she raised him in her strong arms, inch by inch she half carried, half dragged him from the fatal spot.

The perspiration started in great beads upon her forehead, her arms seemed straining from their sockets, her feet turning to lead; yet a strange, wild joy burns in her heart, for in a moment of agonized fear, she could feel his head upon her bosom, his hair against her cheek!

Oh, Love! Love!

Foot by foot, yard by yard, she bore her precious burden, with no thought of her danger, then suddenly a tongue of flame ran up the side of the quarry, and a roar as if a thousand devils had broke loose seemed to shake the earth.

With a cry, a piteous cry for mercy—for him not for herself!—she flung herself with outstretched arms upon his body, that she might shield him even in death!

The huge mass came rolling down; a shower of stones fell with a hideous clatter, then all was still.

Half stunned, with the blood trickling down from her forehead which had been struck by a fragment of the rock, she rose to her knees, trembling and shaking, and drew him up a little nearer to her.

Her dry lips refused to cry for help, but they moved in audible prayer: "Save him, save him!"

As if in answer there came a shout, and she found strength to call out:

"Father, father!"

"Hi, Nell, Nell!" came the response, and in another moment he stood besides her and held her in his arms.

"Him—Mr. Raven!" she gasped, pointing. "He's killed—he's killed!"

"You, you," he panted tremblingly. "You, you, Nell! Oh, my little Nell, you're hurt!"

"No, no," she said, with a strange calmness. "I am all right. It is he who is killed, but not by this, but—" she stopped short, and knelt beside him, her long hair, which had got loose, covering him almost like a shroud!

The old man shaking with dread knelt beside her with the flask in his hand, but it shook so he could not put it to the white lips

She snatched it from him, and tried to force some brandy through the clenched teeth; then she put her arm round him and motioned to her father.

He understood, and helped her to raise the motionless form, and together they carried it to the cottage, and laid it on the bed, and he began to unfasten Clifford's collar.

But, with a sudden gleam in her wild eyes, she put him aside, as if jealous that her father should touch him.

"No, no—I will see. Go—go for a doctor."

"And—and leave you, Nell, here all alone?"

"Yes, yes!" she panted. "Do—do you think I am afraid? Oh, if you love me, father, go, go, go!"

The old man darted out, with one glance behind him, and she heard his heavy step hurrying up the path.

Tenderly yet swiftly she got poor Clifford's coat coat and necktie and collar off, bathed the cut forehead, and forced some brandy through the white lips.

Then, with a long sigh, she once more drew his head upon her bosom and held it there.

The minutes—they were hours, ages—dragged slowly by, and still she sat, with Love and Death to keep her company.

Suddenly a third joined the scene.

A tall figure crept stealthily around the cottage skulking like an Indian, gained the window and looked in.

It was Vyse. He glared in at the two, his face white almost to livedness, his eyes blazing with rage and jealously.

As if unable to bear the sight of his rival resting, even in death, upon her bosom, he crept nearer to the door, his eyes fixed upon the iron bar.

"Curse him, I'll kill him—and her!" he hissed.

Then suddenly there rose a cry.

"Coming, Nell—bear up! Coming!" sounded through the stillness, and with a guilty start, he slunk out, and darted across the quarry.

The doctor bent over the still face, and laid his ear to the white lips.

"Is—is he dead?" faltered Wood, grasping Nellie's hand; but she asked no questions, only watched the doctor's face.

He shook his head.

"Very nearly, if not quite," he said.

Her hand gripped her father's, then relaxed like a dead bird.

"Heaven above!" faltered the old man. "Save him, doctor, save him! I'd give you all I'm worth——"

Nellie drew her hand from his, and kneeling beside the bed, laid her cheek on Clifford's cold, limp hand.

"Hot water!" said the doctor, sharply but quietly.

She arose and sprang through the doorway.

"Is there no hope?" said old Wood, in a hoarse voice.

The doctor pursed his lips.

"There is always hope," he remarked; "but there is no time to lose. Help me to get his things off! He has had a fearful blow—see here! Miss Nellie, can we depend on her—or will you go and get someone else?"

"Yes, yes," said Wood, "I'll go——"

He met her at the door with the hot water.

"Stop!" she said, and her voice sounded as if it came from a distance. "No one but me!"

She passed into the room and set the water down, then laid her hand upon the doctor's, her eyes fixed on his imploringly.

"No one but me doctor!" she pleaded. "See I am calm—and—and—strong! I—I will do everything you tell me, everything! Don't send me away; don't let any one else ——"

He held her hand a moment and looked into her eyes.

"Very well, Miss Nellie," he said; "but, remember, his life lies in your hands!"

"His life—" she panted, and a flash of light seemed to beam in her eyes—"then you will save him! See my hands—are they steady? Yes! I understand! Tell me what to do, and I will do it!"

She drew up her slight, frail figure till it seemed to tower above him. The doctor nodded.

"You are a brave girl," he said approvingly, "and I'll trust you."

He showed her how to apply the blanket, torn into strips and soaked in the boiling water, and himself washed the wound on the head.

They worked in silence, untiringly, pertistently.

The dawn came, and the sun rose and flooded the room, but still Clifford lay motionless and apparently lifeless.

Mr. Wood had sent the men away as they arrived: it was to be a holiday at the quarry. He gave no reason, for Nellie had implored him to be silent.

"Say nothing till he comes to, father," she had said tremulously. "Say nothing, do nothing!"

"What, and let the villain as did this escape?—for I know it wasn't the fallen rock as did it!"

"And I know it, too!" she said, with a sudden flash in her eyes that startled him. "But do nothing till he comes to: it shall be for him to say what shall be done."

But when was he coming to? Day succeeded day, and still he lay as one in the Shadow of Death.

"Ain't he never coming back to life, doctor?" whispered Wood one evening as he stood beside the bed and looked down at the white face with its closed eyes and parted lips.

The doctor shook his head.

"It is a miracle that he is alive," he said gravely. "We must be patient. There have been cases where a man has lain unconscious for six weeks. There was a gentleman, the son of an earl, who was thrown from a dog-cart: he lay like this for six mortal weeks, to all appearances dead. But he is alive and well now," and he mentioned his name.

Nellie drew a long sigh, and bent over her patient.

She had grown almost as white as the injured man himself, white and wan, and the doctor had hard work to keep hope alive in her heart.

"Don't be afraid, Nellie," he had said, more than once. "He couldn't be so ungrateful as to die after all you have done for him."

"If I could but save him," she murmured once in response. "He saved me, you know, doctor!"

"And we will save him," he had replied doughtily.

Day succeeded day, week slipped away into week. Everything that skill and careful—ah, what careful!—nursing could do was done. The quarry was kept as silent as the grave.

A watch, which never relaxed for a moment, was maintained. Nelly scarcely ever left the bedside, and the doctor—well; his other patients grumbled terribly at this "case in the quarry," which monopolized so much of his time.

But still Clifford Raven lay white and motionless and apparently lifeless, baffling the doctor's science, and Nellie's loving care.

One day old Wood came in, and after gazing at the sick man for a moment he said sullenly:

"I can't find him anywhere!"

"Find him—who?" said Nellie.

"Who?" he retorted darkly. "Why, Vyse!"

Her eyes flashed, and her teeth came together with a sharp click.

"I shall find him—when I want him," she said slowly.

He looked at her.

"You know he did it, then?"

She said nothing, but her little hands clenched as she leaned over the bed.

"I say nothing till—till he tells me," she said in a low voice. "If he dies——" her voice broke and she hid her face.

Christmas was near at hand, and rumors of great doings and merrymakings at the Earl of Carr-Lyon's place, Lydcote, floated down to the quarry.

"It makes my heart sick to think of all the goings on up there and my poor boy lying here so like death!" said Mr. Wood one day. "I wouldn't mind so much if the villain as did it was in jail—but with him going going free and laughin' at us, maybe ——"

"Hush!" said the doctor suddenly, and he bent down.

Nellie started and, kneeling beside the bed, took Clifford's hand and pressed it against her heart as if to still its throbbing.

"Is he comin' to?" asked Mr. Wood huskily.

The doctor nodded.

"Let no one speak," he said, and poured a little brandy through the dry lips.

They moved and a deep sigh escaped them; then the eyes opened and a gleam of intelligence crept into them.

The doctor held up his hand warningly.

"He is going to speak. Whatever he says, do not either of you answer. Leave him to me."

Clifford opened his lips, and some words issued in a faint murmur. Then, as Nellie laid her face against his, he spoke again.

"I am the Earl of Carr-Lyon!" he said.

The doctor's face, which had lightened, grew grave and disappointed.

"He is delirious!" he said. "There will be fever. Silence, both of you!"

"I am the real Earl of Carr-Lyon!" said Clifford, and his eyes sought each face appealingly. "Do you hear? Carr-Lyon—Carr-Lyon! I am the earl!"

Then his eyes closed and he seemed to fall asleep.

The doctor got up, looking troubled and perplexed.

"I didn't expect this," he said.

Nellie, without moving, turned her eyes upon him with anxious questioning.

The doctor frowned thoughtfully.

"His mind is wandering," he said. "I had hoped that he would wake with a sound mind. Poor fellow!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Bric-a-Brac.

THE SMART BOHEMIAN.—An anecdote is related illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians compared with the simple honesty of the Germans and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarians. In war time three soldiers, one each of these three nations, meet in a parlor of an inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone the German said, "That is a good watch, I wish I had bought it." "I am sorry I did not take it," said the Hungarian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

THE CHINESE FAMILY.—The family in China has the power of passing judgment on any of its members for an offence, and can sentence the delinquent to whipping, exile, and excommunication. From the decision of the domestic tribunal an appeal is permitted to the ordinary courts of justice, but it is unusual for such an appeal to be made. Such is the respect paid by the Chinese to some of their oldest traditions that there are few who do not submit at once to the sentence passed on them by their family.

THE KILKENNY CATS.—The Kilkenny cats have an ill name for ferocity. "As quarrelsome as Kilkenny cats" is a popular proverb. Over a hundred years ago, it is said, a great battle of felines took place in the neighborhood of the town, which was participated in by all the cats in the city and county of Kilkenny, aided and abetted by cats from other parts of Ireland. One thousand cats were found dead next morning on the field of battle, and many were identified by their collars as coming from remote regions of the country. But the most famous legend concerning Kilkenny cats is that two of them, fighting in a saw-pit, bit and scratched so long and so ferociously that at last only two tails were left in the arena—each had devoured the other.

THE NIGHT-MARE.—Night mare is derived from night, and *mara*, a spectre, which placed itself on the breast of the sleeping and deprived them of the power of motion and utterance. The *mara* was also believed to be the guardian of hidden treasures, over which it brooded as a hen over eggs, the place where it sat was called its nest. Hence the term mare's-nest. In North German and Norwegian traditions the *mara* generally assumes the form of a beautiful woman. Like other supernatural beings she can enter through the smallest hole, and sets herself across her victims to torment them. Many curious methods are given to get rid of her. One is to wrap a knife in a cloth and let it turn three times round the body while repeating certain rhymes. Another is to turn one's shoes with the toes outward from the bed. The mistletoe is also recommended as a remedy.

A COOL FRENCHMAN.—A Frenchman, a prisoner in Edinburgh, having managed to escape during the Napoleonic wars, took refuge in the powder magazine. When the authorities wished to seize him, they found him sitting on a barrel with a lighted match in his hand, and threatening to blow up the town. The authorities reflected prudently, and the result of their deliberations was that it would better to starve the Frenchman out. But they reckoned without their prisoner, who liked good cheer, and was determined to live well. In consequence he called out that he would blow the town to pieces if he did not get three meals a day; he would write out the bill of fare. Bawney succumbed, and the demands of the prisoner went on increasing. Sometimes he had a serenade under his window; then a review of the garrison; afterwards a sham fight, in which the troops representing the French army beat the Highlanders. At last he enacted that every Sabbath morning, before breakfast, the lord provost, in full uniform, should make his appearance and read him an address. This lasted until the Allies entered Paris.

Our life is none too easy perhaps taken altogether, and it will bear any little smoothing we can give it.

LILIES ANE ROSES.

BY ESKINOS.

Lilies to the dead are due,
Roses to the quickened breath;
Both upon thy bier I strew;
Thou, who art but mine in death,
Lilies claim'st, and roses too.

Nay, the rose alone is thine,
And the lilies speak for me.
Blanching solitude is mine,
Hope deferred, which hoped for thee,
Far-off hope and joy's decline.

But the mantling, soft repose,
Prelude to a brighter waking,
Endless sun when eyes unclose
In a deathless morrow's breaking—
These are thine: these ask the rose.

# ONLY A VIOLET.

BY D. G. H.

## CHAPTER I.

I THINK myself that many of the old fairy tales which delighted our childhood are being enacted still in our midst if only we had our eyes to see them. Their incidents may be a little varied, but the main facts are the same.

There is many a Cinderella sighing for a fairy godmother, many a Red Riding Hood threatened by enemies quite as terrible as the wolf.

We meet them in our daily life, perhaps, without recognizing their resemblance to the heroines of our favorite childish stories.

They seem to, perhaps, dull, tiresome, and uninteresting, yet their fates might touch our hearts if only we paused to read it.

Molly Lester was of these modern Cinderellas, only no one chanced to see it.

To most of the good people near Netherton, little Miss Lester was of no interest at all.

Even such of them as were charitable enough to remember her existence pitied Mr. Cameron for having the burden of the child's support thrown upon him, and thought it quite a virtue on the part of the flourishing country lawyer that he did not absolutely repudiate the claim of the little waif to share his home, but let her grow up among his own children, share the instructions of their daily governess, and sit Sunday after Sunday in the darkest corner of the old square pew where, for more years than folks could remember, the Cameron family had performed their weekly devotions.

"It was so good of dear Mrs. Cameron," her admiring friends used to declare in chorus, "so Christian-like and generous, to bring up a child with no earthly claim on her as one of her own! She must be a model of wifely obedience, or she would never have submitted to have the girl foisted on her."

As to Molly's claims and Mrs. Cameron's generosity, it is possible there might be two opin'ons.

One or two unfashionable people, whom Mrs. Cameron had dropped since her husband's fortune improved, could remember the time, before the lawyer married, when a pretty, bright-faced child made the sunshine of his home; and the young man's devotion to his little sister was the theme of all tongues.

Mary Cameron was only thirteen when her brother brought home his wife, the daughter of Netherton's most flourishing solicitor.

The bride brought a handsome fortune, and in due time, her father took John Cameron into partnership.

Children came to make the cottage cheerful; and by the time Mary Cameron was eighteen the family had moved to a large red-brick house, and kept three servants.

Somehow Mary's face lost its brightness as the time wore on. Mrs. Cameron did not hold with girls being idle, and considered her husband had quite enough to do to maintain his own family.

Somehow it leaked out that Mary had refused a very promising young farmer in the neighborhood, and that she was going to London to be a governess.

Netherton missed the pretty face. More than one voice declared it was a shame. Old Dr. Cameron had bequeathed his whole property to his son instead of dividing it, thinking Mary would always have a home with her brother.

Mrs. Cameron, assailed with questions, declared the governess plan had been Mary's own doing and then, just as she was expected down for the Christmas holidays, a rumor arose that she was married.

For three long years Mary Cameron's name was never spoken in her mother's house.

Then, one winter's night, a weary, broken hearted woman, carrying a child in her arms, came to Netherton. The lawyer and his wife did not refuse a shelter to the wanderer. She died in their house, and left them her little girl.

Netherton was intensely curious. Why had Mrs. Lester not informed her relations of her ill-health?

Where was her husband? Would not his family provide for the little girl? Netherton knew the lawyer too well to seek information from him.

His wife was less reserved, and from her it was gleaned that Mary's marriage had been in defiance of her brother's wishes; that her husband was dead, and the luckless child had no one in the world to befriend her except her mother's family.

So Molly Lester, aged two, took up her abode at the red-brick house. There were three cousins older than herself; and, as time went on, half-a-dozen younger, and yet in that cheerful family the child always felt herself an outcast and an alien.

The Cameron children had their mother's nature. They looked on everything done for Molly as so much taken from themselves; they domineered over her and slighted her.

What fault they found with the quiet, sad-faced child it would have been hard to say, but there was always a gulf between her and the other children in the flock. Molly was always the odd one.

The lawyer himself was never unkind to her: indeed, there were times when he recalled his love for his bright, young sister, and felt a thrill of pity for her child; but he was a busy, anxious man, away from home all day.

The reins of domestic authority were in his wife's hands, and from the very first she hated the alien child.

Every farthing spent on Molly (and be sure none were spent needlessly) she grudged. She let the child feel she was a burden, and made the bread of dependence bitter to her.

There never was a time within Molly's memory when she did not know that every one of the other children had a better right to inhabit the comfortable nursery than she had; there never was a time, when she grew old enough to reason, that she did not know by instinct in any quarrel—no matter even if they were in the wrong—the little Camerons would get the better of her.

Molly never had a new frock; she was clothed almost entirely from the left-off wardrobe of the elder girls.

She never had any pocket-money unless, indeed, Uncle John chanced to remember her, and seeing her alone (which happened, perhaps, twice a year) presented her with half-a-crown.

She never went out with her cousins; Mrs. Cameron declared she was too shabby to take to other people's houses.

When visitors came to the lawyer's, for the most part Molly was deputed to keep guard in the nursery, while nurse helped the housemaid wait at table.

Save for seeing the little figure at church, and hearing Mrs. Cameron's lament over the expense of poor relations. Netherton in general would almost have forgotten little Molly's existence.

And so unloved, uncared for, the little waif grew up to be eighteen. She had been fairly educated, with a view to teaching the little ones by-and-by: but no other advantages had been given her.

No motherly care, no kind affection, no tender counsels had ever been given to Molly.

She had had no "bringing up," unless scoldings can merit the term. Naturally strong and hearty, she had never ailed in anything in her life; so there had never been the claim of illness for extra attention.

She had lived at the red-brick house for sixteen years, and no one there had any idea of her real name. Want of sympathy had made her live within herself; she never thought of confiding her hopes and fears, her joys or sorrows, to anyone around her. What would they have cared!

It was her eighteenth birthday. It came in winter, a bright, cold December day, when the air was crisp and frosty, the sky clear and blue.

No one wished her many happy returns save the cook, a motherly, kindly-natured woman, who pitied the little waif, and had bought her a present—only a bunch of violets, such as in November and December one sees in most greengrocers' shops, for the modest price of a penny or twopence—but to Molly the gift seemed quite magnificent.

She had expected nothing, and the kind thought of her was gratifying in itself; besides the violets her birthday brought her another gift—a holiday.

It was within a week of Christmas, the boys had not yet returned from school, the three young ladies were visiting their grandmother, and Mrs. Cameron had taken the little ones to spend a long day with a neighbor, who lived some miles out of Netherton.

Molly put her precious flowers into her dress before she went down to dinner. She and her uncle were to take that meal tete-a-tete, and a great purpose filled the young girl's mind.

She knew that Uncle John was her best friend in the family; that, but for his wife's influence, he would have been kinder to her.

A great resolution had come to Molly. She meant to tell him how unhappy she was, and to try and persuade him to let her go away.

She had not the least idea where. Molly had no plans of her future. Had she put her yearning into words she would have said she wanted to go somewhere where she would be loved, where they would not always remind her she was one too many.

She had put on her best dress—such a poor, shabby best. It was only a gray merino which had seen good service before it was altered for her; but the gown fitted her slight figure to a nicety, and the broad black belt hid some of its weakness.

Her collar and cuffs were spotless, and the little knot of violets at her throat gave a finish to the whole.

It was Mrs. Cameron's repeated assertion that her niece was hopelessly plain, and yet Molly's face would have charmed many who had the gift of understanding it. It was too thin, and her cheeks were too pale for health, but the eyes were large and soft as velvet, their color a dark, lustrous brown, and they had a dumb pleasing expression in their depths, which seemed to appeal for kindness; the brow was broad and framed by masses of soft hair, which no efforts would prevent from waving in feathery puffiness, prettier than the result of any curling papers or crimping pins; the back was fastened in one plait and coiled loosely low on her neck; her features were not very regular, but they were full of expression.

However shabbily Molly was dressed (and Mrs. Cameron did not at all mind her niece being poorly clad) the little waif had a nameless air of refinement about her. Old garments set as gracefully on her as silks and satins on her cousins; but she did not know this herself, poor child, and mourned terribly over her faded gowns and plain straw hats.

Mr. Cameron almost started as she took her place at the table. For a moment his mind went back to the days—more than twenty years ago—when he had been a bachelor, and his pretty little sister sat opposite him, just as Molly did now.

Of course Mary behaved very badly to him, his wife had quite convinced him of that; but how she had loved him, and how her daughter's face recalled those bygone days!

"How like your mother you grow, child," he said abruptly, when the cloth was withdrawn, and he sat down in an arm-chair. He never returned to his office before three o'clock.

Molly's face flushed.

"I wish you would tell me something about her, Uncle John!"

Mr. Cameron was in a dilemma.

"There is nothing to tell, Molly. She died when you were about two years old You can see her name and age in the churchyard."

"But before she died," persisted Molly; "did she live here with you, and were you fond of her?"

"I loved her dearly," said the lawyer, glad of a question he could answer so easily. "We never had a quarrel!"

"Then it was my father you didn't like," said Molly thoughtfully, "I suppose, Uncle John?"

"I never saw him, Molly!"

Molly opened her eyes.

"I thought he must have vexed you very much!"

"Why?"

Molly hesitated.

"Because you dislike me so! It can't be for anything I have done myself, because it has been so ever since I can remember. Aunt Susan said, one day, she shouldn't be surprised at anything I did that was bad. And all the children hate me!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Cameron shortly. "No one dislikes you, and you must have misunderstood your aunt. We are all very fond of you!"

Molly shook her head.

"I think you are sorry for me," she admitted slowly, "but all the others hate me, and I feel as if I couldn't bear it any longer. Uncle John, won't you please let me go away?"

Mr. Cameron sighed. It seemed to him that history was repeating itself strangely. Time turned back, and he fancied he heard his sister's voice making almost the same request:

"Do let me go away, John? Susan will never like me, and I cannot bear to feel she grudges me my place in your house."

"Molly!"

The girl looked up. She had never before heard her uncle's voice so solemn, never before seen him look so grave.

"Don't be angry, uncle," pleaded the girl. "I know you have been very kind to keep me all these years; but I am grown up now, and I should like to earn my own living. I wouldn't mind how hard I worked if only I was free—if only I didn't feel everyone wished me away."

"Listen, Mary."

She was spellbound. It was the first time anyone had ever called her by her right name—the name that had been her mother's.

"When my sister was dying," went on her uncle, "I swore to her that you should always have a home with us. I had loved her dearly, and it seemed the only thing that would make her die in peace. Surely child, you can't want to urge me to break my promise to your mother?"

"But I am grown up now. I am eighteen!"

"Eighteen! You look a child! Why do you want to leave us? The girls are contented enough at home!"

"But I am not like them. They have friends and relations; they go out and have pleasures. I am only a little waif whom no one cares for!"

He could not deny it; it was so true, but he did his best.

"You know Molly, most of your cousins' treats come from their grandparents. Now Mr. and Mrs. Marton are no relations to you."

"Haven't I got any relations of my own?" asked Molly, slowly. "Didn't my father have a family as well as Aunt Susan?"

"I would rather not speak about your father."

"But I want to know," persisted Molly. "And is it that you never saw him if mother lived with you till she was married?"

Mr. Cameron gave way. She would hear the story some day from unkind tongues; better, perhaps, that she heard it now. Besides, he could keep back one part—the worst part.

"Molly, I would much rather you had not asked me this. Remember, if it pains, you have brought it on yourself. Your mother and your aunt did not get on together. I can't tell why, for I never understood the rights of it myself. Mary was a very pretty girl, and I used to think the best thing would be for her to marry and have a home of her own; but when the man I expected her to accept proposed, she would have nothing to say to him. Your aunt was vexed; there were high words, and the end of it was your mother went out as a governess."

"Just what I want to do!"

Mr. Cameron sighed.

"She had a very good situation, and gave every satisfaction. We were expecting her down to spend Christmas, and, instead, there came a telegram, saying she was married."

Molly's eyes were full of amazement.

"And you didn't know anything about it?"

"Nothing. I went up to London and saw her employers. The lady was most kind, but could give me no explanation. She said your mother left her house in ample time for her to catch the Netherton train. She had no fault to find with her; indeed, it had been a great disappointment when, about a month before, Miss Cameron gave her notice. She could not return after the holidays, as her duties were too heavy. I showed Mrs. Yorke the telegram; she could not help me. My sister had been treated by her almost as a daughter, and introduced to all her friends, but she had never noticed anyone paying her any marked attentions. I had to come home, Molly, as ignorant as I went. We gave out your mother was married and gone abroad with her husband. In a gossiping place like this you are obliged to tell people something just to stop their tongues. Our friends took up the idea we disliked the match, and had quarrelled with Mary in consequence, so that we were spared many questions."

"And didn't she write to you?"

"I never had a line from her. Three years after she came home. I can't bear to think of it even now. If ever a woman's heart was broken it was your mother's, Molly."

"But my father?" pleaded Molly.

"That is the strangest part of it. Your mother was devoted to him; not one word against him would she hear. He had been, she declared, the best and kindest of husbands; she had never regretted her marriage, even when poverty stared them in the face. I think they had a bitter fight with poverty. You were but a baby when things looked so bad. Your father declared he must go to a friend's house and try to borrow some money. He started, and from that hour your mother never saw him or heard of him again."

Molly started.

"He must have been killed!"

"Mary declared he was very ill when he left her, and that death must have overtaken him," pursued the lawyer. "For months she could not bear to quit the lodgings where he left her. She slaved almost night and day to pay the rent and provide help for both of you. It was only when her husband had been gone a whole year, and she felt her own strength failing, that she came here. She could not die and leave you alone in the world. She brought you to me, and, as I told you, exacted a solemn promise from me that I would give you a home."

Molly looked up with dewy eyes.

"Uncle John! You believe my father died, don't you?"

Mr. Cameron had no fixed belief on the subject. He knew his wife's version, that James Lester had tired of poverty and his penniless wife, and had quietly gone back to his own relations, hoping, as Mary knew nothing of their whereabouts, her existence would never be revealed to them.

Mrs. Cameron went so far as to say Lester was most likely an assumed name, and the marriage no real marriage at all.

John Cameron was a lawyer, and knew something of the baseness of human nature.

There were men in the world, he admitted, wicked enough to play the part his wife ascribed to Molly's father; but, on the other hand, Mary's perfect trust in her husband had half infected him, so he had been content to dismiss the subject from his thoughts, and record no judgment for or against James Lester; but now, with the man's daughter looking into his face, it was hard to evade a direct reply.

"Molly, I honestly think the poor fellow died on his way to his friend; but you must remember we have no proof. He might have gone to Australia to seek his fortune in the gold districts, things were so desperate with him. Supposing his friend refused assistance he may have emigrated just to spare himself the pain of going back to tell your mother of his failure."

Mr. Cameron skilfully suppressed the blackest doubt of all. He hoped Molly might never hear it.

"And that is why Aunt Susan cannot love me!" said Molly, thoughtfully. "Uncle John, please let me go away?"

"I'll think about it, Molly!" was the quiet reply, "but I don't want to decide anything in a hurry."

A hasty kiss, and he was gone.

Molly went upstairs and put on her walking things. It was only three. It would be light for another hour and a half, and she wanted to go out.

It almost seemed as if the house would stifle her. She wanted to be alone, to think over the wonderful things she had heard, and try to understand them.

Netherton was rather a straggling town,

and the red brick-house was quite on the outskirts.

Only a little way beyond the Camerons the free open country began, and Molly's favorite walk was through a wood, the property of Sir Lewis Allonby, one of the leading magistrates of Netherton, but who gave the bustling place but little of his society.

Allonby Towers was the show-place of Netherton. It was seven miles by road, but barely three if you took the pathway through the woods.

Sir Lewis was a young man, barely thirty, and only newly come to his honors.

It was a favorite dream with Mrs. Cameron that he should come home and marry one of the girls. As yet, however, the dream seemed very far off fulfilment.

Sir Lewis showed no signs of coming to Highshire, and if he came there were many damsels of higher birth and greater attractions than the lawyer's daughters.

Molly never troubled herself about the Baronet. She was not admitted to those cosy consultations between Mrs. Cameron and her girls. She never heard any local news.

She loved the Allonby woods, because they were such a famous place for a lonely ramble. She knew that about two years before the old man who owned them died, and Sir Lewis succeeded him; but beyond that bare fact she heard nothing.

Sir Lewis could not close the woods to the public; there had been a right-of-way through them for years, so Molly cared very little what he did or omitted.

It was a beautiful afternoon, so clear and frosty. Molly was warmly wrapped up, and enjoyed her freedom to the utmost. After all, there were pleasures Aunt Susan could not deprive her of.

There alone, in the beautiful country, with the fresh air fanning her cheeks, Molly forgot her troubles, forgot she was only a little Cinderella whom no one wanted, and looked forward hopefully to the future, though she hardly knew what she expected of it.

"The girls will marry some day," thought Molly. "Perhaps when she has no daughters of her own at home Aunt Susan may like me just a little. Besides, uncle said he would see about my going away, so perhaps he means to let me, after all."

She was leaning against a tree, resting just a little from her walk; her face was turned homewards.

Very soon she would have to go back to the red-brick house and the six o'clock tea of thick bread-and-butter and milk-and-water, over which she presided in the nursery, while Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, with their elder olive branches, enjoyed a very different repast in comfort downstairs, though it went by the same name.

A pretty picture she made, that slender, girlish figure, leaning against the grim old tree. A stranger, approaching slowly, thought he had never seen a prettier attitude.

Who was she, this beautiful child, with her wistful face and sweet, houri eyes? The faint perfume of violets reached him, and stooping down he picked up a tiny bunch lying on the ground.

He felt certain they belonged to the girl who had so stirred his fancy, and was grateful to them for giving him the chance of speaking to her.

"I think you must surely have dropped these!"

Molly took them with a word of thanks.

Keith Durant wondered what he could say to detain her in conversation. He wanted another glance from those wistful eyes, another sound of that dear, musical voice.

"Could you tell me the nearest way to Netherton?" he asked, kindly.

"Oh, yes! You have only to go through the wood, and you will be at the entrance to the town."

"Is it very far?"

"Oh, no; not more than half-an-hour's walk."

"I want to go to Mr. Cameron's, I am a stranger in Netherton."

Never a girl more innocent of motive, more simple-hearted of intention, than Molly. The stranger wanted to go to her uncle's, and she was walking home. It would have seemed to her unnatural not to offer her guidance.

"We live close to the woods. I am going home now."

"Then you are Miss Cameron?"

She shook her head.

"No; but I have lived with the Camerons all my life."

He changed the subject of her identity with rare tact.

"I think Netherton seems a very nice place."

"Some of the walks are beautiful; these woods in summer time are quite a picture."

Keith thought they had been quite a picture that afternoon, but he did not say so. She was so child-like and unaffected he could not offer her a compliment.

"I have been staying at Shelverton," he informed her, "and my friend Allonby asked me to come over here and prepare his people for his arrival. He will be here to-morrow, I expect, and I am very glad, for the Towers is awfully dull for a lonely man."

"Is Sir Lewis going to live here?" inquired Molly, quickly; "I really hope not!"

"I think he has only come over from the Continent for Christmas. He will be down with quite a large party to-morrow. We are great friends, and as I was his 'fag' at school I suppose he thinks he knows my domestic capabilities; but I really think the old housekeeper would have managed without my assistance. As it is, she consults me so continually that I am quite glad to get out to avoid her."

"Sir Lewis must be a very lazy man!" said Molly, quietly, "to leave you all the trouble."

"Oh, he's one of the best of fellows, and we are sworn friends; besides, he's never seen Mrs. Breen. I daresay he had no idea of her talking powers."

"She does talk a great deal."

"You know her, then?"

"A very long time ago her daughter was our nurse, and Mrs. Breen used to come and see us."

They had left the woods behind them now, and were fast nearing the red brick house.

"You told me just now you were not Miss Cameron. Won't you tell me by what name I may remember you?"

"I am Mary Lester. Mr. Cameron is my uncle."

"And you live with him?"

"I have never been away from Netherton since I can remember."

"Do you mean never away at all, or only that you have always lived here?"

Molly smiled.

"I mean that I have been away for a single day. I know nothing of any other place more than five miles from Netherton."

"How you will enjoy sight-seeing when the time comes for it! I suppose you have not left school yet?"

"I have never been to school. We used to have a governess, but she went when I was seventeen; and now I teach the children."

"Do you know, when I first saw you I took you for a child yourself?"

"Aunt Susan always says I look a baby," said Molly, regretfully; "but I can't help it. I used to be as tall as a child, but I have not grown an inch since I was fourteen!"

"Some people like babies," said Keith Durant, with a strange smile. "I do. Don't wish to look older than you are, Miss Lester; time ages us all quite time enough."

"You speak as if you felt as old as Methuselah," said Molly simply.

"I am twenty-six. I daresay it sounds venerable to you, but it isn't very old, really. My grandfather always speaks of me as 'that boy.'"

"I wish I had a grandfather."

"And haven't you?"

"I have no relations excepting Uncle John."

"But Mr. Cameron has a family?"

"He has nine children, but they don't seem real relations. I don't think cousins are very near to one."

"No!" said Mr. Durant, with peculiar emphasis. "In my opinion they are very far off. If there is a relationship I detest it is cousinship."

They were at the house now. The office stood at one side; but Molly knew her uncle would have returned, so she made no attempt to prevent her companion from following her up the long flight of steps.

Instead of opening the door by turning the handle, in her usual manner, she rang the bell.

This brought a servant, to whose care she confided the visitor, then she sped away upstairs.

"Mistress hasn't come home yet, Miss Lester," said the nurse, pleasantly (all the servants had a regard for the little waif, whose low, sweet voice was so different from the imperious commands of her cousins). "The master thinks she's missed the train, so he has ordered tea for you and him at six, and then he's going down to the station to meet her."

It was a treat to Molly to escape the nursery meal, which was usually a scene of strife since Mr. Cameron's "sweet lambs" always set their cousin's authority at defiance; but it was a surprise to her when Mr. Cameron came into the the dining-room followed by her late escort, whom he introduced to her as Mr. Durant.

Molly felt she must be quite and entirely grown up since she was allowed to preside at the table and entertain a visitor! She spoke very little, but busied herself with her teapot, while the gentlemen conversed. They seemed to take a mutual fancy to each other.

Molly gathered that Mr. Durant's only errand had been to explain to her uncle Sir Lewis had delayed writing about some business matters because he hoped so soon to be in Highshire.

"I wish you could persuade your friend to settle down here," remarked Mr. Cameron. "The Allonby estate is the largest in the neighborhood, and his influence would be extensive."

"Lewis is not in the least ambitious. His mother wants him to marry and go into Parliament, but he seems averse to either action."

"The Allonbys have always represented Netherton," said Mr. Cameron. "I should think he would meet with no opposition, if he came forward at the next election. As to the other matter, I fancy Mrs. Allonby will find many young ladies quite willing to assist her wishes."

"You think twenty thousand a year would be an inducement!" remarked Keith. "Perhaps you are right. I know this is a terribly mercenary age. I know I often feel thankful I am a poor man, and that I run no risk of being married for money!"

Mr. Cameron laughed.

"There are degrees of poverty, Mr. Durant."

"Oh! I am a hopeless detrimental!" said Keith, lightly. "I don't think my whole means would make up four hundred a-year; and I never had any profession."

"That's a pity!"

"I see it now. Take warning by me Mr. Cameron, and don't let your boys choose for themselves."

"They must work," replied the lawyer, "the whole set of them. I shall have quite enough to do to provide for their sisters. Nine children make an expensive family, Mr. Durant!"

"But it must be cheerful to be one of the number!" objected Keith. "In our family things have gone very differently. My grandfather had a half-dozen sons and daughters, but he could only boast two grand-children!"

They rose from tea. Mr. Cameron said he would put his guest on the right way for his long walk homewards before going to the station to meet his wife.

Before they started he had some orders to give. For a moment Mr. Durant and Molly found themselves alone.

"You said your name was Mary?" he said half-reproachfully.

"I was christened so; but every one calls me Molly."

"It just suits you. I shall always think of Miss Molly. I wish I might ask something?"

"What is it?"

He smiled and pointed to the violets which from their place in her dress still gave forth a sweet perfume.

"Give me just one, in memory of our meeting!"

"But there must be heaps of violets at Allonby!"

"But not like these. Miss Molly, give me just one violet in token that we are to be friends!"

And with a smile and a blush she laid one little flower in his hand, just as Mr. Cameron was heard returning.

Keith never saw sweet violets again without thinking of Miss Molly in the sad time when clouds had rolled over his sky and shattered his bright dreams.

He could never bear the fragrant perfume of the little purpled flowers. It seemed to give him a bitter pang—a strange longing for what might have been.

The present scene, whatever it might be, fled from him, and he was back once more in Allonby Woods beside a slight, gray-robed figure, with a posy of violets at her throat.

"Good-bye!" he said, eagerly, as he put the trophy in his pocket. "Good-bye, Miss Molly! We shall meet again!"

Which Molly thought exceedingly doubtful, as Mrs. Cameron was not likely to be from home the next time Mr. Durant called; and she always took good care her husband's niece never shared the pleasure of any visitor's society.

So Molly gave a little sigh as her new friend departed, and had but little expectation of seeing him again.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Cameron was very angry when she returned home and discovered what had gone on in her absence.

Of course Miss Molly received a sharp rebuke; but when the worthy matron retired for the night her husband came in for his full share of her righteous displeasure.

"I really wonder at you, John! How you can be so lost to all proper feeling surprises me!"

"My dear Susan, I should like to know what I have done!" returned the usually obedient husband, who, perhaps from the recollection of that long talk with Molly did not feel quite so submissive as usual.

"You have brought forward that girl in a most unbecoming fashion! Why, even my own daughters I should not have cared to allow play hostess to a stranger in my absence! And Molly, with her miserable antecedents, should be kept rigidly in the background!"

She had gone too far. The worm turned, or, in other words, the master of the house asserted himself at last.

"I grant that your daughters are so given to flirting with anyone who will join them in that amusement that it might have been wise to not allow either of them to meet a stranger without your presence!" returned Mr. Cameron, sarcastically. "But my niece is quite a different matter. She entertained Mr. Durant prettily, and I was quite pleased with her manners!"

"Of course!" said the wife, bitterly. "Her mother turned your heart against me years ago! It is only natural the girl should supplant my children!"

"Come, Susan, don't talk nonsense! If our girls had been at home, and I had brought Molly forward, and left them in the cold, you might have had a right to complain; but you know the child was the only one of the family at hand!"

"It is the worst possible taste to introduce her to strangers," grumbled Mrs. Cameron.

"And it is positive cruelty to keep her shut up as though she were a baby. Susan, I have been thinking seriously of the matter lately, and now I am decided. Molly is eighteen, and she must 'come out' like other girls!"

"My own daughters are quite enough for me to chaperone. I certainly shall not take four girls about with me. Besides, no one ever invites Molly!"

"I don't often have a voice in domestic matters, Susan, but this time I have made up my mind. Molly comes out this Christmas!"

"I think you are a monster!"

"What difference can it make to you!" he retorted. "Of course I'll give you some money to dress her with; that's my affair."

"We shall be asked nowhere. No one will invite my sweet girls if it involves having her."

"Why not!"

"John, you know perfectly well the girl's wretched antecedents!"

"I know nothing of the sort, Susan. My sister was as pure and truehearted a woman as ever breathed; and at one time a great favorite in Netherton. I believe myself people will gladly welcome Mary's daughter."

"And what about her father?"

"Her father was not rich, and he left them in abject poverty; but the same is true of many other men, Susan, whose children are received."

"Well, I wash my hands of it," replied his wife. "When she has disgraced us by marrying the first ne'er-do-well who asks her—like her mother—perhaps you'll repent it."

Mr. Cameron did not entirely trust his wife. He changed his mind about giving her the money for Molly's outfit, and told her to choose whatever was needful at Mason's (the largest linendraper's in the town), and send the bill in to him.

Mrs. Cameron went about with the air of a suffering martyr; the three girls did the same.

The unfortunate lawyer bid fair to pay dearly—domestically—for his bold step in his neice's favor.

And the real reason for the discontent of his womenkind never dawned on him. His three daughters, aged twenty, twenty-two, and twenty-four, had all been "in society," as Netherton put it for ages; (even Maude had been out three years).

They were showy, rattling sort of girls, and always commanded partners at a dance or cavaliers at a picnic. But no eligible suitor had ever come forward to propose for one of them.

Their little world already began to call Bertha passee and her sisters fullblown. Would it not show up their true age.

Would it not reveal that they were no longer young girls, but woman grown, to bring forward at their side such a childish creature as Molly. Besides, her style was so different.

Molly, even in her shabby clothes, had the air of some stray princess, who had been banished from court for a brief space; but the three Miss Camerons were unmistakably middle-class.

Their father's gentle blood showed but little; they took after their mother's family, who sprang from nothing.

It was two days after Mr. Cameron's decision when Mr. Durant called again at the red-brick house, this time accompanied by his friend, Sir Lewis Allonby.

They asked for the solicitor's wife, and were soon shown in her presence. The three girls were unfortunately out; but when the gentlemen revealed their errand Mrs. Cameron resolved to prolong the interview indefinitely, so as to give her dear children a chance of returning.

"I hope you will pardon our intrusion," said Sir Lewis, "but my mother thinks of giving a large ball on New Year's night; and, as she is such a stranger in the neighborhood, she thought you might be kind enough to help her by telling me the names of our neighbors who would be likely to come!"

Mrs. Cameron was delighted. She felt a sort of proprietary interest in the whole affair.

"Your own personal friends first, of course, Sir Lewis; and then comes the question—is it to be select or popular?"

"I have no personal friends in the county except Mr. Durant, here present, and some guests at the Towers. I fancy it would be a good limit if we sent invitations only to those who would be likely to call on my mother!"

"My dear Sir Lewis, that would include the whole population, down to the tradespeople!"

"All right," said the Baronet, cheerfully; "the more the merrier. I can have select parties later on; but this ball I want to be a kind of omnium gatherum affair, which will introduce me to the neighborhood generally."

Mrs. Cameron rang for paper and pencil. It was an intense annoyance to her that the housemaid, being out, Molly answered the bell.

There was no help for it. Mr. Durant was eagerly shaking hands with his little friend; her aunt had no excuse, and was forced to introduce her to Sir Lewis.

"I want a paper and pencil, Mary," she said, coldly; "you will find both in the dining-room. Send Sarah in with them."

"I will go and help to look for them," insisted Keith, and before a word could be said in opposition he and Molly had left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Dogs, Socially Considered.—"I think," says Dr. John Brown, of Edinburg, who of all prose writers has written with the most hearty and delightful appreciation of dogs, "I think every family should have a dog. It is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house; it keeps them all young; and then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late to breakfast, is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."

Next to a merry child, we do not know so good and healthful a companion for a melancholy man as a dog.

He does not call over the roll of your ails, with dolorous intonation, nursing and petting them by recital, nor does he anger you by combating your splenetic fancies.

He just ignores them so innocently that you ignore them too.

FOR LOVE OF ME.

BY W. W. L.

Sweet, when my last hour comes on earth,
You'll know it from the stillness in your heart;
For the cold sleeper then breathe e'en one prayer,
Lying from thee so far apart.

And sometimes in the quiet hush of even,
When tender, gentle thoughts arise in thee,
Of that far, silent, sad and lonely grave,
Kiss then a flower with a thought of me.

# HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

HAVING established himself as the heir of Upton Manor, there was no reason why Alfred Bellingham should prolong his stay in England.

It would be safer for him to leave—he told himself so a hundred times—yet he lingered on.

The home in which he found himself after so long an exile from everything that was restful, and sweet, and desirable in existence was too pleasant to be abandoned so soon.

But there was another reason for his delay. Every hour, every moment, was precious to him in which he shared the same roof with Maud Elwes.

She was still silent and reserved in his society; but after the way in which she had spoken on the occasion of the appointment of her protege as steward, Bellingham could not doubt that she was kindly disposed towards him.

Lucy and he were by this time great friends and spent much of their time pretending to fish in the sleepy fish-pond in one corner of the garden.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Beckett was making preparations for her removal to the White Cottage, and Bellingham told himself that he must at least wait until he saw her comfortably settled.

He busied himself about all the details of the moving, and Maud and he were necessarily thrown a good deal together. By degrees her shyness wore off, and the young man abandoned himself to the sweet intoxication of love.

His conscience was asleep. At first it had spoken loudly enough.

"Are you not going to turn these three helpless women out of house and home? How can you take their innocent hands in yours?"

So his conscience upbraided him, and perhaps a fit of remorse would follow. But the remorse was not repentance.

Bellingham was sorry to be a villain, but he would rather know himself a villain than wander again, homeless and half-starving, through the London streets. And as he was not naturally a strong-minded man, these fits did not last long.

He would go and talk to Mrs. Beckett or Maud, then luncheon would come, and as he wandered through the shrubbery with a cigar afterwards, he would reason with himself and prove to his own satisfaction that after all he was not guilty of any serious offence.

"It's nonsense to say that I am dispossessing the widow and her daughters," he would say to his conscience. "She said herself that her daughters could not inherit. It is perfectly true. At the worst, I am standing in the shoes of some far-off cousin, who never dreamt of becoming heir to the estates. Or perhaps there is no cousin, and the Crown would be the heir. I'm sure poor Beckett would rather I had the place. I'm certain if he had known he had only an hour to live when we started from King's Cross, he would have made a will in my favor. So that morally I have as good a right to the property as anyone else."

Just before Mrs. Beckett moved, Bellingham procured a beautiful Broadwood cottage piano, which he managed to place secretly in the tiny drawing-room at the White Cottage as a surprise for the family.

They were exceedingly gratified by this unexpected act of kindness, and Bellingham received their thanks with but little of that feeling of humiliation which he experienced before on a similar occasion.

By the time Mrs. Beckett was fairly settled in her new abode, Alfred Bellingham was almost one of the family.

He had unconsciously been making love to Maud for some time, and she had as unconsciously lost her heart to him in return.

If he had said and done nothing to disturb the current of her thoughts, she would never have learned that her heart was no longer her own.

Mrs. Beckett understood what was going on, and was far from displeased at what she saw.

She liked her husband's heir, and was glad to think that her daughter might return to the Manor house as its mistress.

As for Bellingham, he wandered about his own empty house and deserted garden, one thought ever surging in his brain—should he propose to Maud? If he did, what chance had he of success? Would it not be safer to wait yet awhile?

Left to himself, as he was now, the love fever burned more strongly within him, till at last he almost shrank from meeting any of the family at the White Cottage.

Suddenly, one evening, he made up his mind—he would wait no longer. It was late in the evening, but not too late, he thought.

Maud was fond of the twilight; she might be in the long leafy garden that joined her mother's orchard.

In a few minutes he was at the hedge which enclosed the garden, and, finding a gap in it, he pushed himself through.

For a minute he thought the garden was empty, but presently he came upon Maud seated in a little arbor formed of saplings of the mountain ash, laburnum, and honeysuckle.

She was alone, and with hardly a word of greeting, Bellingham seated himself near her.

"I think, Maud," he began, "you must know why I came over to-night—you can guess what I would say to you."

He glanced up at the girl beside him. She was dressed in cream-color. Her head was hanging down; a faint blush had crept over her cheeks; the sunlight still rested on her golden hair.

She looked so pure, so fresh, so sweet and good. And he—a common impostor, a perjurer, a swindler!

In one moment, as he looked at her he had meant to ask to be his wife, his conscience woke and smote him. He saw himself in all his vileness, and shuddered at the sight.

Was he going to woo this spotless purity with a lie on his lips? He could not do it; he dared not do it. He uttered a despairing sound, and hid his face in his hands.

Maud turned pale. She had expected, by some subtle intuition, that her lover had come there to tell her of his love.

Why did he stop short and hide his face? Was he going to say that there was some impediment to their union, to explain why they must part?

For some time they sat together in silence. A cloud, riding in the west, obscured the after-glow of the sunset and made it seem almost dark under the leaves. Maud rose and held out her hand, hardly knowing that she did so.

"I am afraid I must go indoors, Mr. Beckett," she said, gently. "Let me say good-night."

"No, don't go yet," he said; and Maud, after hesitating a moment, sat down again.

Bellingham shivered, though the air was warm and balmy. He looked up at the girl beside him, and started at the piteous expression of his eyes, the haggard look on his face. What could be the matter?

Then he dropped his elbows on his knees, and staring hard at the gravel, he said in a constrained but perfectly quiet voice—

"Let there be an end of this. Maud, I am a scoundrel. I am not fit to touch your hand, or the hand of any good woman. I am an impostor. I am not Alfred Beckett at all. My true name is Bellingham."

And in a few short sentences he told her of his temptation and how he had yielded to it.

Maud was stunned, bewildered, so that she hardly knew where she was. She could not think.

He, the man she admired and loved—yes, loved—he was, without a doubt, an impostor and a villain! She felt as if the very foundations of her nature were being shaken.

His confession ended, Bellingham lifted himself up, and glanced at his companion's face. It was rigid, as if it had been made of stone.

"Ay, of course," he said to himself.

Unconsciously he had been hoping that the girl he loved would show him some signs of pity. He dropped his elbows on his knees once more, and covered his face with his hands.

Maud rose, and, hardly knowing what she uttered, said—

"I think I will say good-night, Mr. Beckett. It is growing late."

Then the sense that he had lost her, that never again could he look upon her face, pierced his heart like a knife.

He forgot for the moment that he was once more a penniless vagabond, he forgot that he had just confessed himself a scoundrel. He only knew that she—she, who was for him the incarnation of all that was pure and lovely and desirable—was leaving him for ever.

And suddenly great sobs shook him, the tears forced themselves through his fingers and dropped, one by one, to the ground.

Then Maud recovered from the mental stupor she was in, and her womanhood asserted itself. She saw clearly what had been done, and what the issue must be.

She knew that she loved this man, and that her love must be crushed out. She would rather have died on the spot than allow him to guess at it. But he was in sore trouble. He was about to go away, friendless and poor.

She moved slowly forward, and laid her soft fair hand for an instant on the man's shoulder.

"Don't, Mr. Beckett," she said, softly. "You have begun to make reparation already. You may win back your self-respect."

"Is it possible?" he whispered.

"It is possible," she said, firmly. "Good-bye;" and in another moment she was gone.

Bellingham sat for some minutes in silence. The tempter softly whispered to him—

"A pretty mess you have made of it! Oh, what a dunce! But perhaps she would promise to say nothing. If she would, all may not be lost. At any rate you must secure the £2500 that Graveson has in the bank for you as a nest-egg."

These thoughts passed through his mind, but he gave no heed to them. He had made up his mind, even when Maud's voice sounded distinctly in his ear, how he would act.

He pulled out his watch. There was plenty of time for him to catch the night mail to the south.

Still he waited, and looked around, as if searching for something he had lost. In a few moments he had found what he wanted.

Close to the little arbor there stood on the ground a flower-pot holding a plant of oak-leaf geranium. Maud's dress must have brushed against it as she spoke to him.

He plucked a leaf, kissed it, and placed it carefully in his pocket-book; then he turned away, his eyes still bent upon the ground.

## CHAPTER IV.

AT half-past ten the next morning, Bellingham was sitting in a large room lined with deed-boxes, and furnished with a dingy Turkey carpet, some old chairs that had once been handsome, and two tables laden with dusty papers.

He was waiting for Mr. Tidy, the senior partner of the firm of Tidy and Cockerill, the solicitors for the last owner of the Beckett estates.

At length he came in—a stout, fussy, white-haired old man, with a spotless white neckerchief of the old-fashioned type, and a pair of gold eye-glasses.

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Beckett—very happy indeed. Sorry you have been kept waiting."

Bellingham smiled grimly to himself, thinking how soon the politeness would vanish.

"I have called to say that you had better begin advertising again for the late John Beckett's heir," he began.

"Why, you are Mr. Beckett's heir, my dear Sir," said the old gentleman, with considerable surprise. "I will prove it to you in a moment. Mr. John Beckett's maternal grandfather——"

"No, my dear Sir; it's of no use," said Bellingham, with another smile.

"Has there some nearer relation turned up?"

"Not that I know of. But the fact is I am not Alfred Beckett."

"Not Alfred Beckett, Sir? Why, my clerk told me Mr. Beckett was in my room, waiting for me."

"Yes; I have been using that name for some months. But the real Alfred Beckett, to whom you wrote in Australia, you know, died suddenly when he was on his way to Upton. I am an old College friend of his. I was alone with him when he died. I stole his name and clothes, and I have passed myself off for him ever since."

He spoke in a hard, resonant voice, as if he had been reciting a lesson prepared beforehand.

"Why, Sir—bless my soul! This is most extraordinary—most extraordinary—I may say, most unprecedented. In all my experience, I never—why, Sir, this is a matter for the police."

"I daresay—I don't know, and I don't care," answered Bellingham. "Anyhow you must be quick in having me arrested, for I mean to set off for New York as soon as I can."

Mr. Tidy made no reply to this, but stared at his visitor in helpless amazement.

"I owe Mr. Alfred Beckett's heir (whoever he may be) about £750," pursued Bellingham. "Five hundred that I paid for a piano, and perhaps £250 for my personal expenses. I have taken no money away with me."

"But if this is all, as you say, what made you inform against yourself?"

"That's my affair," answered the young man, shortly.

"It's very awkward—you know, very awkward indeed," said Mr. Tidy, looking very much as if he had a grudge against Bellingham for putting him to the trouble of hunting for the new claimant to the estates.

"Well, I'll go now. I'll send that money as soon as I can," said Bellingham, rising.

"But you can't go away without any money," cried the old gentleman, putting his hand into his pocket.

"Thank you," said Bellingham, gravely, "but I had rather not. It is part of my atonement," he added to himself.

"Well, if you won't, good day, then," said Mr. Tidy, rising and holding out his hand.

For the first time during the interview Bellingham's face flushed. He did not take the offered hand; he dropped his eyes, and abruptly left the room.

"Most extraordinary! The scamp! To steal poor Beckett's name and everything else! By Jove! Quite a gentleman, too, I declare. One can see that at a glance. A fine fellow, to give up everything in that way and go off without a copper; very few would have done it. But what a scamp, to be sure, he must have been!"

Mr. Tidy was still rather mixed in his ideas. After an hour or two he began to see things more clearly, and saying to himself—

"Ah! what romances one meets with in our profession!—what a novel might be made out of this, now!"—as if that circumstance redounded greatly to his (Mr. Tidy's) personal credit, he set about composing an advertisement for the the heir-at-law and next kin of Alfred Beckett, some time of Merton College, Oxford, and late of Sydney, New South Wales.

Meanwhile, Alfred Bellingham was trudging on in the direction of the docks. He had made up his mind to hide himself in America, and he meant to work his passage to New York.

That day, however, he could not find any skipper who would look at "a land-lubber," as they called him.

Night came on, and he had nowhere to go. He had a dollar or so in his pocket. He could not afford a decent bed; and he spent the night in walking about the streets and sitting on doorsteps.

It was the third day before Bellingham found a ship; and by that time he had suffered much.

Unwashed, faint for want of proper sleep and food, he would hardly have been recognized as the gay, light-hearted young man who only four days before had been the master of Upton Manor.

"Never mind; it is your atonement," he said to himself, at every fresh hardship.

The Gipsy Queen was an old sailing vessel, under-manned and very badly provisioned.

The voyage was one continuous misery, but it came to an end at last; and Bellingham stood on the pavement of New York, with almost nothing in his pocket.

He began by carrying parcels at the railway-station, and helping to put heavy luggage on cabs.

Once a week he brushed himself up, and spent the day in trying to gain a place as a clerk. At last, much to his own surprise, he succeeded in this endeavor; and in the course of eighteen months he saved about $250.

Then his employer died; and he was thrown on the world once again.

The $250 which he had saved in New York he sent to Messrs. Tidy and Cockerill, for the heir of Alfred Beckett. They told him in their reply that they had just succeeded in discovering the long-sought heir in the person of a certain Mrs. Goodson, the widow of a respectable Liverpool tradesman.

She accepted it, and sent him in return a full discharge of claims which she might have upon him. Of Maud and her family he had had, of course, no news whatever.

The months rolled by, till five years had gone. These years of labor and privation had done their work.

Bellingham felt that the end could not be far off. He was weak and apathetic, seized sometimes with fits of trembling. He did not suffer as he had done when he first arrived in America. Only he felt always tired.

One day a cab came up at a sharp pace. Bellingham tried to get out of the way, but his feet were blistered and sore, and he could not move fast enough.

He was knocked down, and the wheels passed over one of his legs. When they raised him and carried him to the hospital, it was found that his ribs were fractured, and that one of his legs was broken.

* * * * * *

"Perhaps I might, if I chose," said Maud Elwes to herself.

She was standing in the drawing-room of the cottage with a note in her hand. It was from Sir Frederick Sidcup, an old neighbor and friend, offering her marriage.

"Perhaps I might forget Alfred and learn to love Sir Frederick."

That was the thought in her heart. She was still young, only four-and-twenty, and nature rebelled against the wish of her heart, which was to be faithful to the memory of him who had won her love almost without her knowledge.

She had hidden her love, even from her mother, all this time. At first she had been ashamed of it; then, when she had learned that Bellingham had given up every penny and was again a homeless wanderer, she had pitied and admired him so much that her love had sprung up afresh.

But four, nearly five, years had gone by. Why should she waste her life in mourning for the loss of one who had never even asked for her love—one, too, who was as good as dead?

"No; I cannot—I cannot," said the girl, speaking aloud to herself, as unconsciously her fingers crushed the note she held in her hand.

At that moment a servant entered with a letter, a stained and dirty envelope, on which appeared weak and scratchy writing which Maud did not remember.

"Chicago!" she exclaimed, reading the postmark; and then she knew.

Her heart beat fast as she opened the envelope and unfolded the sheet of thin letter-paper. There was no proper beginning to the letter, and no signature:

"My atonement is nearly over. I met with an accident lately. I don't regret it. I hope I have in some degree regained your respect. That has been my one hope all these years. Good-bye."

Maud gave one sob, and then burst into a passion of weeping.

* * * * *

It was a lucky thing for Alfred Bellingham that his bones were broken, for he gained thereby some weeks of rest and nourishment which saved his life.

He was on the point of leaving the hospital, when this letter was put into his hands:

"Dear Sir,—We have only now succeeded in getting your address, which Miss Elwes sent to us. We have been advertising for you in vain for the last twelve months. Mrs. Goodson, who, you may remember, was Mr. Beckett's heir, died about a year after making a will in your favor, by which

you inherit substantially all she possessed. Mrs. Goodson had no near relatives. She was quite aware that you were not in any way related either to her or to the late Mr. Beckett; but she was anxious to show her appreciation of the restitution you made to her. We enclose with this a bill for 500 dollars, and shall be happy to receive your further instructions.

We are, Sir, yours faithfully,
TIDY AND COCKERILL.

A. Bellingham, Esq.

P.S.—We may add that the substance of the conversation which passed between yourself and the senior partner of our firm has never been allowed to transpire. It was generally supposed that Mrs. Goodson's claim was better founded than your own, and that you had consequently retired in her favor. There is nothing therefore to prevent your immediate return to England. A. T.

Alfred Bellingham soon recovered his strength after he received this letter. He felt, indeed, as if his life had been given back to him. In a few weeks he was strong enough to return to England; and then he wrote to Maud.

He was in a fever of anxiety as to her answer. Would she be willing to ally herself to one who had fallen as he had fallen, however sincere his repentance, however bitter his penance? He could hardly think that it was possible.

But when, with trembling fingers he opened her letter, he found that it contained the single word—"Come."

[THE END.]

## The Pretty Sister.

BY W. S. F.

FOR drowsy work commend me to knitting. For the last half-hour Mrs. Darrell has firmly believed herself to be absorbed in mastering the intricacies of a new pattern, nor imagines that long since her fingers had mechanically fallen into the old style of two knit and two purl. But so it is; and now, with half a dozen dropped stitches at the end of one pin, she is sitting with head drooping, eyes closed, and thoughts far away.

The door suddenly opened, a bright, if not very youthful, face appeared at it, and the dreamer sat up, very wide awake in a moment.

"My poor nerves!" she sighed. "If you would remember them, and be less brusque and noisy!"

"I beg pardon; I thought I opened the door very carefully, but it would scroop a little. Are you too busy, Anna, to come upstairs? I want you to see how nice my room looks now, it is in spick-and-span order for the reception of the great H. H."

Mrs. Darrell did not reply in the same tones, but shivered, and drew her white Shetland shawl more closely round her throat.

Never very strong, she had for the last few years taken advantage of every slight chill or fancied ailment to remind her relatives of the fact, and pose as an interesting invalid.

"If you wish it very much, Lucia," she said, dubiously.

Lucia nodded assent, for she knew that until her arrangements had received the seal of Mrs. Darrell's approval, they must not be looked upon as complete.

"If you wish it very much I suppose I must oblige you; but the draughts on the landing are dreadful, you will open so many of the windows! I daresay I shall cough for an hour!"

"As you please," replied her sister-in-law, good-temperedly. "It was only that I thought you would like to satisfy yourself that everything has been done to make George's guest comfortable."

"I suppose I must," said Mrs. Darrell, resignedly. "You may have omitted something or other, and George would never forgive me if his old friend were neglected. Really men are more faithful to their friendships than we are! I have broken with all my girl acquaintances since my marriage, but George is pleased and excited over Mr. Harleston's return home as if they were still schoolboys."

Lucia Darrell did not reply, though her eyes sparkled, but sat down to await her sister-in-law's leisure.

She, too, was pleased to hear that Hugh Harleston had returned to his native country.

She had known him from his boyhood, and had burned with indignation when, through the treachery of his stepfather, Hugh was thrust out of his home almost penniless.

No one had applauded more readily the brave young fellow's resolve to make a fortune for himself than Lucia Darrell; and no one was more pleased to learn that he had succeeded, and, after an absence of ten years, was revisiting his birthplace.

Would he remember her? Lucia often asked herself. Would he recognize in the somewhat faded woman of seven-and-twenty the girl of sweet seventeen who had wept so many tears at his departure?

"Don't you think, dear, this would be a good time for you to pay your long-promised visit to your brother Charlie?"

"How could you manage without me?" asked Lucia.

"That question sounds as if I myself were a nonentity," and Mrs. Darrell smiled rather sourly. Of course I am much obliged for the assistance you give me, but in spite of my delicate health I believe I am quite capable of managing my own house."

"Certainly," said Lucia, who had long since schooled herself not to resent pettish speeches, "I was thinking of the children; you might find them troublesome when Mr. Harleston is here."

"True. But I have some idea of asking my sister Lorina to come and stay with me while you are away. Unless I make the effort and let you go Mrs. Charles will never forgive me. You know I offended her when I objected to your helping to nurse her little girls through the scarlet fever. Such a selfish request!"

"I beg your pardon!"

Lucia could bustle up in defence of others though seldom for herself.

"What Charlie's wife wished me to do was to go to the seaside with Bessie and Alice when they were recovering. She knew I had nursed your little ones through the epidemic, and thought me sadly in need of a change."

"Well, you must go to them now, and that will make my peace with my irritable sister-in-law. It's such bad taste not to be on good terms with one's husband's relatives. When shall you start? To-morrow?"

"If you like. When is Lorina coming?"

"I cannot ask Lorina to come till you have fixed the time for your departure. How the poor child will squeeze herself into that slip of a room into which you have moved to make way for our visitor I cannot imagine. Now our family is increasing George really ought to build a new wing to the house."

"If the room is large enough for me, why should it be too small for Lorina?" demanded Lucia.

"Now that is really a very absurd question. Lorry is young and pretty, and likes to dress well, and where her trunks are to go, or how she is to dress at all in such a confined space, I do not know!"

"It's scarcely fair to ask such a sacrifice of her comfort, is it?" queried Lucia, demurely."

"You! oh, yes, why not? Of course I do not mean anything unkind," Mrs. Darrell went on, hastily, for the blood had rushed into the cheeks of her sister-in-law; "but it is your own fault—entirely your own fault that you are on the old maids' list. You have had at least a couple of good opportunities of marrying."

"Good, but not acceptable," was the half-laughing response."

Accordingly on the morning of the following day, Lucia Darrell kissed the children, who hung about her with more tokens of affection than they ever bestowed on their mother; and having, by promises of a speedy return reconciled them to her loss, she started on a journey that involved changing from one line to another, as well as a tedious wait at a junction, and a drive of seven or eight miles when she left the rail.

On the evening of that same day, Miss Lorina Lennox arrived at Mr. George Darrell's and was warmly welcomed by her sister; but eyed askance by her nephews and nieces.

"George will be home to-morrow," Mrs. Darrell told her, "and he brings with him Hugh Harleston, the traveler, and author of that immensely clever book on Japan; you have read it, Lorry?"

"I never read travels," replied Lorina, promptly. "If they do not send me to sleep they make me wonder how men can be so foolish as to climb mountains or go and live among dirty savages."

"You must not talk in that style to Mr. Harleston. He has made a fortune while abroad, and is still young, handsome, and single."

"Tell me more about him," entreated Lorina, now really interested. "I wish I were not tormented with an exasperating pimple on my chin; it makes a fright of me! Does he prefer blonds to brunettes?"

But as Mrs. Darrell knew nothing respecting Hugh Harleston's tastes and opinions, she teasingly bade her sister wait till the morrow for an answer to her question.

Unfortunately, however, the morrow only brought disappointment to both ladies in the shape of a telegram from Mr. Darrell:

"Am detained by an important law-suit. Do not expect me for a week."

Lorina Lennox made a wry face. A whole week to be spent with an exacting invalid and a pack of fidgety children would be intolerable! How foolish of Anna to send for her before Mr. Harleston had actually arrived!

So Lorina was cross, and Mrs. Darrell suffered for it. She had to attend to the housekeeping and settle the children's quarrels herself, for there was no active, sweet-tempered Lucia at hand to keep the peace and relieve her of distasteful duties.

Nor did she gain anything by complaining; for when she faintly declared that she was quite worn out with the worry of the little ones, Lorina pertly advised her to keep another servant.

"For her own part," the young lady added, "she had no idea of turning nursery-maid to oblige anyone."

Consequently that week was not a happy one to either of the sisters. Lorina found every day more tedious than the preceding one, and only recovered her animation and good-humor when Mr. Darrell wired to say he should be home on the following evening in time for dinner.

"Where's Harleston? Oh! didn't you know? I thought I—but no, I believe I meant to write, and then forgot. When he found I couldn't come down with him he said that as he did not care to hang about town for another week, he should ——"

"Go back to Japan!" cried Lorina, finishing the sentence herself in her exasperation at the slowness with which her brother-in-law always spoke.

"You are a horridly ungrateful girl!" ejaculated Mrs. Darrell, in such angry tones, that to still the brooding storm her husband interfered:

"Don't be so sharp, Lorina. I did not say Harleston had gone back to Japan; he has no intention of doing so. When you interrupted me I was just going to tell you, that as he dislikes the city he decided not to wait for me, but come down here at once."

"But we have not seen him!" cried both the ladies at once.

"Ah! I did not mean to this house; he went to Charlie's, where I hear that he has met his old flame, my sister Lucia, and is enjoying himself mightily."

Never had Mrs. Darrell felt more provoked than at the consequences of her manœuvring. She had rid herself of Lucia, that her own more youthful and beautiful sister might have a chance of making a good match, and this was the result.

To escape Lorina's reproaches she pleaded hysterical symptoms and went to bed, where she remained till Miss Lennox, who chose to consider herself ill-used, had repacked her wasted toilettes, and gone back to her own house.

Then Mrs. Darrell made an attempt to regain the services of the brave good girl, whom she had never valued till she was in danger of losing her.

Hugh Harleston had already asked Lucia to be his wife, with as little delay as possible; and Mrs. Charlie Darrell, who sent the news, revenged herself for sundry slights by congratulating Mrs. George, that although Lucia was lost to her, she "could fall back upon her pretty sister."

### THE NILE CRIER.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile criers begin their work.

These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the last twenty-four hours.

The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a complicated ceremony of words and notions, which usually takes some minutes to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his talk he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:

"God has looked graciously upon the fields."
Response: "Oh! day of glad tidings."
"To-morrow begins the announcement."
Response: "May it be followed by success."

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired, he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, implores blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children.

Not until all this has been carefully gone through does he proceed to say the Nile has risen so many inches.

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his "bakasheesh" or drink money—sometimes humbly, and sometimes, too, very imperiously.

HUSBANDS AND THEIR HABITS.—Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them good-bye in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the good-bye.

Some husband's shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round, at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window.

Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind; their wives seek sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence.

Then, on returning, some husbands come home pleasant and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surely with its disappointments. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed time.

"Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest where kindness, and interest, and politeness, and attention are the rule on the part of husbands—of course all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there."

## Scientific and Useful.

A SCREW-NAIL.—An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw—half nail and half screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screw-driver, and it is in. Its holding power in white pine is said to be 332 pounds against 296 pounds, the holding power of the present screw.

LUBRICATORS.—Every one knows that, for heavy machinery, plumbago is a good lubricant; but every one does not always think of applying it where it would serve best. It may be of value to some readers to know that a planer, whose bed-plate required the force of eight men to slide it when lubricated with the best ordinary material, was easily shifted with one hand when plumbago of good quality was applied.

A NEW TIRE.—In England a tire is made for the wheels of road vehicles, which, instead of being of uniform width, is made wider at intervals of a few inches, the object being to avoid the breakage of wheels and axles when coming against the side of street-car rails. The shoulders between the wide and narrow parts are sufficiently abrupt to make the wheel mount the rail as soon as one of the shoulders comes in contact with it, and the sliding and sidewise pulling, which is the cause of so many wreckages of carriages and wagons in cities, is avoided.

CHIMNEYS.—To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot, you must build them large enough—sixteen inches square; use good brick, and clay instead of lime up to the comb, plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams and rafters; there is where the cracks in your chimnies come, and where most of the fires originate, as the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Don't get your stovepipe hole too close to the ceiling—eighteen inches from it.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—A curious photographic apparatus, in which a camera is raised by a rocket and lowered by a parachute, is being developed by a French inventor. In its experimental form, the cylindrical camera has twelve lenses round its circumference with a sensitive plate in its centre, and is provided with a shutter which opens and instantly closes as the apparatus commences to fall. The descent is eased by the opening of the attached parachute, which is drawn back to the operator by a cord attached before the firing of the rocket. For securing bird's-eye views, the photo-rocket offers several advantages over balloon-photography, such as comparative cheapness in operating and freedom from risk in case of use for military reconnoitering.

## Farm and Garden.

GARDENERS.—Competent gardeners can always obtain good wages with constant employment. A gardener who has a thorough knowledge of botany, as well as all the essential details of management, has a trade superior to any other. Such gardeners are scarce.

HEDGES.—There is no dodging the fact that the American arbor vitæ is the best all around tree for an evergreen hedge. Its hardiness, density obtained by shearing, and its rapid growth alone recommend it for the general purpose hedge above all coniferous competitors.

COLD.—Horses can, of course stand more exposure in cold weather than men, but the same kind of exposure that produces colds, rheumatism, etc., in men, will be liable to affect horses in the same way. It is therefore apparent that warm stables, good blankets and protection from severe weather are necessary.

STRAW.—It does not prove economical to use straw for bedding by drying it after it has once been used. A clean bed adds to the comfort of the animals, as they dislike the odor of ammonia and other gases that arise from straw that has once been saturated with urine and manure.

WIND-BREAKS.—For a narrow but effectual wind-break, a double row of Scotch or white pine, in rows eight or ten feet apart and at about the same distance between the trees in the rows, will form in six or eight years, in a climate where they can be grown, a close and effectual screen from the wind.

FOR STOCK.—It is an admirable practice to plant groves of trees in pasture grounds to provide shade for stock, but such groves must be protected from fences until the foliage is above the reach of cattle and the trunks of the trees are large enough not to be liable to injury by the cattle rubbing against them.

ELDER.—An important discovery, if his experience is confirmed next season, has been made by a gardener, who claims that the elder is not attacked by any kind of insect, and that when he covered the cabbages, squash, cucumbers and other plants with leaves of the common elder bush, the insects kept away. He reports that a neighbor kept the circulio from plum trees by placing branches of the elder through them. If this remedy proves successful with others it will save a large loss annually.

THE pursuit even of the best things ought to be calm and tranquil.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

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# TO FRIENDS AND READERS.

We hope that those of our friends and readers who are kindly in the habit of getting up clubs for THE POST, will enter the field as soon as possible this year and try at least to double their old lists. We also hope our readers who have not heretofore sent us a club will try to do so now.

We wish to get a great many more clubs for the coming year, and trust every one of our present subscribers will make an extra effort to secure one or more new friends for us.

THE POST is much lower in price than any other first class family paper in the country, and we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands to whom it may still be a stranger, save, perhaps, by reputation. Of course we must depend in a great degree upon our present subscribers, friends and readers to show THE POST to their acquaintances and neighbors, and to speak a good word in our behalf. Their return for such efforts must be the pleasure they give to others, the consciousness of assisting in the good work of circulating THE POST, and enabling us to make it better, more useful and entertaining than ever before. Will they try and do it for us? Let each of our present friends and subscribers try to get one new subscriber at least.

Sample copies for the purpose will be sent to those who wish them.

### Go On Working—Don't Be Afraid.

These are words we often use ourselves and hear others using; and it is well we do, for they are words of deep import.

They do no less than separate the whole world of workers into two radically distinct classes—namely, those who can receive them and those who cannot.

They are a great touchstone of character, but a touchstone that does not yield an immediate result; indeed, it may be years before it shows whether the metal is pure gold or coin of inferior value.

But in order to see how it applies we must first divide the world of workers into two great orders: First, those who are engaged in the industrial arts and common tasks of daily life; second, those who are workers in science, philosophy and the fine arts, since to the second order it applies with more significance than to the first; and there is also a cross division, some of the first rising to the rank of originators, some of the latter sinking to the rank of mere mechanical workers.

What, then, does it import with regard to the first order? This, that all those who can receive it and go on working amid sorrow and discouragement, must at least have some qualities of sterling worth.

It may be only the solid determination not to give in, to maintain the fight to the last, or it may be the heroism of devoted love; but whatever it be that gives the strength to "go on working" constantly, steadily, perseveringly, the "Don't be afraid" will have the cheery ring to which they will respond with an earnest "No, we are not afraid; we know what work has done for us; it has made men of us—some especially earnest and true, some tender and patient, some strong and brave, but all of us it has made to know what true pleasure is; we feel satisfaction in our work; a glow of honest pride kindles in our hearts when we look at it, and this gives a zest to our leisure. No, we are not afraid."

They are words of cheer. Go on working manfully, and half the ills of life will disappear, while its pleasures will be more than doubled.

The happy results of work give a power of endurance that nothing can equal, for labor is the God-given restorer of peace to the troubled spirit.

But what of those who cannot receive the message these words convey? Alas! there are many who cannot; and we can not but feel more sorry for them than for any other sufferers whatever.

The inability may result from feeble health, depressed vitality, want of a well-knit moral frame; but whatever the cause, the result is saddening, and the best help we can give is to encourage these to try the tonic of steady work.

The words must not be misunderstood. Their very tone of calm encouragement forbids the thought that they would urge any one to fitful, anxious, spasmodic work.

Periods of fevered work alternating with languor will not brace the nerves of character.

But let any one try an hour or two of steady work "persevered in," as the doctors say, and see if the world will not wear a different aspect, and the sufferer feel that all things have become new.

But now, as to the second great order of workers. In what particular sense does it apply to them, and how are the two classes differentiated in a further degree from those of the first?

The distinction consists in the power of seeing what one is aiming at, and the difference between those who can and those who cannot see this is very great.

Watch two students drawing from a cast; one makes the lines which he thinks represent the figure; the master comes round and points out where it is out of drawing; the student tries again; again faults are pointed out; and again he tries, and at length perhaps succeeds in producing a tolerably correct copy of the original.

But now look at the other. He can criticise his own work, knows where it is wrong, and keeps on rubbing out and correcting till he can satisfy himself.

No need to tell him to go on working, he cannot do otherwise, though the "Don't be afraid" may cheer and help him; but failure, disappointment—nothing can prevent his working.

But it may be asked, if this is so, what use is our exhortation? We answer, in two important respects it is of great use. We cannot always tell at the first glance who are endowed with the power of original work; it is always wiser not to take for granted its non-existence, since the possibilities of any human life stand revealed to God alone; but, best of all, the moral results of steadfast, patient, faithful work will unfailingly be granted to each earnest worker, as well as its many other rewards.

So we may trustfully bid all, "Go on working, don't be afraid," for labor has God's seal of blessing indelibly stamped upon it.

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HAPPINESS is inborn; it is not an outward trait. It is generated in the soul. It is never bought or sold as an article of commerce. You may fill your house with all manner of beautiful and curious things, but you cannot lay in a stock of happiness in the same way. If you are happy, your happiness is that which you are able to make by the use of the mind itself. A fundamental condition of happiness in this world is activity, and that kind of activity which carries with it all the faculties.

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DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

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FASHION is the great governor of this world; it presides, not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind; indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason why particular forms in all these have been at certain times universally received, and at other times universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.

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THERE is as much merit in catering to the humorous side of our nature as to the sober and sedate. Men and women were made to laugh and indulge in pleasantries just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead of wide, it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as the long gauge.

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PRAYERS are the bulwarks of piety and good conscience, the which ought to be placed so as to flank and relieve one another, together with the interjacent spaces of our life; that the enemy (the sin which doth so easily beset us) may not come in between, or at any time assault us, without a force sufficiently near to reach and repel him.

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CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress. The more we read and study the more we think; and as thought engenders thought, so will one idea lead to another.

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THE avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.

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IF I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

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WE should accustom ourselves to view those above us without admiration or envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt. Little souls fall down and worship grandeur, without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness.

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A MAN'S time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces even of the richest soil when overrun with weeds and brambles.

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HABITS, though in their commencement like the filmy line of the spider, trembling at every breeze, may in the end prove as links of tempered steel, binding a deathless being to eternal felicity or woe.

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LOOK not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

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THERE is one inevitable criterion of judgment touching religious faith in doctrinal matters. Can you reduce it to practice? If not, have none of it.

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THERE is no use in trying to strike an average on honesty. The article must be Simon pure or it is spurious.

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WE can take nothing with us from this life except what we have wrought into our minds and characters.

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Never try to outshine, but to please.

### The World's Happenings.

Springfield, Mass., licenses its rag pickers.

Brooklyn talks of teaching sewing in her public schools.

An eagle sailing half a mile above the earth can see a field mouse.

In the United States about 3500 watches are manufactured every day.

A cooking school in Pittsburg, makes a specialty of educating men cooks.

Chinese laundrymen, in Portland, Oregon, have formed a trust and raised prices.

Pet dogs wearing sealskin blankets are among the sights on Broadway, New York.

An Atchison, Kansas, farmer, recently offered to trade a barrel of sorghum for a wife.

The total number of suicides committed in France during the year 1887 was 7565.

A "tootometer" has been invented which will make a noise that can be heard ten miles.

A Mott street, New York, hand-organ man is teaching his monkey the art of boot-blacking.

Ira Chamberlain, of Bangor, Me., aged 85, worked at the tailor's trade until his last birthday.

A bullet fired at M. J. Hogan, of Chicago, struck a penny in his pocket and was turned aside.

The Buxton, Me., horse which trampled its owner to death lately has since refused all kinds of food.

A Dubuque, Iowa, paper reports that it is quite a common thing for dogs to commit suicide by jumping from the high bridge in that city.

An 18-year-old negro boy of Marianna, Ark., shot his mother because she was baking a sweet potato for his brother instead of for him.

The deserving poor of Emporia, Kansas, enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner provided by money won on the result of the Presidential election.

A notorious Western desperado keeps a coffin in his room, in anticipation of his death. He is said to have defied the authorities to put him in it.

Bull fighting is increasing in popular favor in Spain. More new rings have been built during the last 12 years than during the previous 20 years.

Europe is suffering from an "overproduction of noblemen." Two Austrians of high degree have recently been set to work in a Vienna penitentiary.

A man at Waynesboro, Ga., owns a cow which develops the most furious kicking propensities just on the full of the moon. At other times she is as gentle as a lamb.

As the result of an election wager, Horace Carter, of Concord, N. H., ate a colored map of the State. The cook at the Phœnix Hotel served it for him in a rice pudding, and he had no difficulty in swallowing it.

A widower of Black River Falls, Wis., who married a 13-year-old girl, was taken from bed by indignant neighbors and after being dragged to a certain point the stream from a fire hose was turned upon him.

"Gen'lemen, I am starving! For God's sake help me enough to buy a meal!" So said an old chap in New Orleans just before he fainted. They took him to a hospital, and found over $4000 sewed in the lining of his vest.

A New York shipping clerk, arrested for stealing from his employer, in court admitted his guilt and said he committed the crime in order to get money with which to start housekeeping. He intended getting married soon.

Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of $2,300,000 to the accumulation of wealth in the United States, which is equal to one-third of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.

An ingenious blind boy, Willie Perkins, of Owensboro, Ky., is said to have invented a writing machine for the blind, and to have received $5000 from a San Francisco firm for the right to manufacture and sell the machines in the United States.

"Snuff dipping" is said to be growing quite the fashion in Lewiston, Me. The devotees don't inhale the snuff, but make what is called a "smear" with castile soap and apply it to the nostrils. A species of mild intoxication is said to result.

Great sacrifices are made for political victory, but a Missoula, M. T., man seems to have gone altogether beyond the line of reason. He confessed to a murder in order to show the inefficiency of the Sheriff and thereby lessen the latter's chances of re-election.

An audacious tramp sneaked into a residence in Washington place, New York, and tarried long enough on the premises to make an entire change of clothing. He even appropriated undergarments. It is said that on emerging he resembled a "swell," carrying a heavy cane and wearing a high hat.

Two boys played a shrewd trick on a Boston photographer. They asked to have their picture taken, and when the plate was about to be exposed one of the rascals realized that he would appear to better advantage if he had a watch. The photographer loaned his timepiece, and while he was again adjusting the camera the "customers" ran out of the establishment.

Among the passengers on a train which arrived at Necho, Dak., were a lady and gent who sought the conductor and asked that he procure a clergyman to marry them. The request, though a novel one, was complied with, and the pair were married on the depot platform, surrounded by all their fellow travelers and several hundred of the townspeople. After receiving congratulations the newly made man and wife returned to the cars and continued on their journey.

### LOVE'S MONUMENT.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I have reared to you a deathless monument,
And set it in a holy place;
Oh! woman of the tender, soft, sad eyes,
And gentle, loving, trusting face.

I have reared it in the grandeur of perfect love,
Like the famed sculpture of old;
So perfect in its purity it stands,
The world will wonder when its story's told.

Will you not breathe to Love's great love,
As did the sculptor's marble queen;
And for one moment rest in Love's strong arms,
With Love's warm kisses linked between?

## My New Neighbor.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

I HAD been settled in a pretty detached villa, in a picturesque South Devon village, on the borders of Dartmoor, for about six months, when I made the acquaintance of a lady—whom I had dubbed "my new neighbor"—in rather a singular way.

"If you please, ma'am," my housemaid said when she brought me my early cup of tea one morning, "the lady next house has sent in to ask if she could speak to you for five minutes; leastways, she hav'n't sent; she've come herself."

"Certainly; as soon as I am dressed. Ask her into the drawing-room," I replied.

The servant departed with my message, but almost immediately reappeared again.

"If you please the lady says it's important—could you speak to her at once?"

"Yes; I'll come down," I said, forthwith rushing into my slippers and throwing on my dressing-gown; and, generally, making a few other toilet arrangements that were essential to a presentable appearance.

When I went down I found my new neighbor—whose name I did not then know—standing by the piano, against which she was supporting herself with seeming difficulty.

I had seen her at a distance several times already, and had been struck with her quiet and distinguished air.

Now, on closer inspection, I discovered her to be a sweetly pretty, and gracefully-refined woman, with pathetic grey eyes that were deepened and intensified in expression by the long lashes that were black, like her hair.

"I trust there is nothing serious the matter——" I was beginning, when she caught hold of my hand, and exclaimed:

"Do forgive me for troubling you at this untoward hour, but I am in dreadful distress, and am quite friendless in this strange place. I felt I could rely on the kindness expressed in your face; besides, it is due to you that you should be the first one to be acquainted with my loss—and my suspicion."

"Loss and suspicions?" I repeated nervously, as I motioned her to a seat.

"Both are very terrible and painful to me," she went on sadly. Then she paused a few moments, as if in doubt how to begin. Suddenly she asked:

"Have you ever had any reason to doubt the honesty of your housemaid?"

"Never!" I said emphatically. "She is a young woman of the highest principle—the daughter of almost respectable farmer."

"Are you aware that she was in my house last evening?"

"I am not," I said in some vexation, for I had always cautioned my servants against indulging in any gossiping propensities with neighbors' servants.

"Then I am sorry to tell you she was. This proves her deceitful, to say the least of it. But I have more to say that will, I fear, distress you very much. My housemaid is, it appears, an old friend of hers. Has she told you this?"

I shook my head in the negative.

"She is so. They come from the same village. Now, Miss Lindsay, the worst is to come. Last evening, while your housemaid Ellen was in the kitchen, I chanced to send both my servants out on errands in the village. While they were out I fancied I heard footsteps in my bedroom, which is over the drawing-room, where I was sitting, but knowing that both my servants were out, I thought my imagination was tricking me, as I believed myself to be alone in the house. Now I must interrupt my narrative to tell you that I am—that I was, rather—the possessor of some valuable jewelry——"

"Which you have lost?" I gasped.

"Which I have lost," she repeated with emotion. "It appears that my housemaid, Maria, who attends me when I go to bed, has been vaunting the beauty of my rings and bracelets and necklets, to your servant Ellen. Indeed, in a vulgar spirit of vaunting, she, Maria, has it seems shown a set of diamonds and opals to her friend—your Ellen. This morning, as I was going early to Plymouth, I opened the case wherein this set was kept, meaning to take it with me to a jeweller to have safety chains put to the necklet and bracelet clasps. The case was empty!"

"And you accuse my poor Ellen of having emptied it?" I cried indignantly.

"Think what strong reasons I have for so doing!" she said deprecatingly. "She knew of these jewels—she was in the house when my servants were out of it, I find on inquiry—I heard footsteps in my bedroom during their absence—and I find my jewels gone!"

I was dumfounded for a few moments. Then I said:

"Let me call Ellen in, and you interrogate her before—before you take other steps?"

She inclined her head in assent, and I summoned Ellen, who came in with cheerful alacrity.

"Mrs.——"

I hesitated, and the lady said:

"My name is Egremont, I am Mrs. Egremont."

"Now, Mrs. Egremont, will you tell Ellen of your loss and suspicions?"

"You were in my house last evening?" Mrs. Egremont began, while Ellen regarded her with round-eyed wonder.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Against your mistress's orders, I find?"

Ellen blushed furiously.

"I ought to have told you, ma'am," she said, looking at me; "but my old schoolfellow and friend from South Brent, Maria Evans has come to live with this lady; and we've spoken several times, and last evening I just stepped in for an hour to hear about home. I ought to have told you, that's what I ought to have done."

I felt the girl was as innocent as I was myself from that moment. But I merely said:

"Ah, Ellen, I fear you will find it has been a fatal step for you."

The girl looked staggered and bewildered when I said this, but not frightened. This confirmed the impression I had of her innocence and honesty.

"You remained in my house while my servants were out?" Mrs. Egremont went on.

"Yes, ma'am, I did; they said they'd only be out a few minutes."

"While they were out I heard footsteps in my bedroom."

"I didn't hear them, ma'am," Ellen said earnestly.

"You have been shown my jewels by your friend Maria?"

"Yes, ma'am, and bootiful they are."

Mrs. Egremont shook her head impatiently.

"You stayed in the house while my servants were absent. You know my jewels, and while they were out I heard footsteps in my bedroom. This morning I find my jewels gone."

"Oh! Lawe!" Ellen gaped in unfeigned astonishment.

"Miss Lindsay," Mrs. Egremont went on, "I must beg you to keep a strict watch over this girl while I send for a policeman, to have her boxes searched."

"Ellen shall stay with me," I sobbed, and as I said it Ellen fell down fainting.

"An accomplished thief—a born kleptomaniac, I should say," Mrs. Egremont said scornfully. Then she held out both her hands to me, and begged that I "would not be prejudiced against her because of the unfortunate manner of our introduction."

In due time the policeman came and Ellen's boxes were searched. Nothing was in them that ought not to have been in them.

Every inch of my house and garden, as well as of Mrs. Egremont's, was also subjected to a thorough search. All to no avail. The lost jewels were not found, nor could they be traced. They had been and were not—that's all we knew.

Mrs. Egremont made a handsome apology to Ellen, and gave her a new dress, and my new neighbor and I became exceedingly intimate and friendly.

She was really one of the most attractive and fascinating women it has ever been my lot to meet. She had travelled a good deal.

What had brought her to this remote little South Devon village I could not understand, but at last she hinted to me that it was some great grief of which she could not bring herself to speak.

Her house was effectively but not aesthetically furnished. She evidently liked a good deal of gilt and glass. Rose-colored curtains, veiled with lace, hung at her windows.

Bright colors met they eye on every side; gorgeous flowers bloomed in all her windows; the atmosphere of her rooms was always warm and heavy with fragrance.

Her tastes were all luxurious, tending to "showy," in fact, and mine were decidedly opposite. She dressed in the height of the fashion, and her brocaded velvets and satins looked sadly out of place sometimes as we sauntered over Hangerdown, or along through the undergrowth of the Ivy Bridge woods. But in spite of this incongruity I liked her, and we saw a great deal of one another.

Among her many attractions she possessed the great one to me of having singularly small and beautiful hands. Long, slender, and exquisitely shaped, perfect in color, and, I thought, expression. I was never tired of admiring them.

One day the vicar of our parish was calling upon me, and in course of conversation, he said:

"I believe you know the lady who lives in Laurel House—Mrs. Egremont."

"I know her well," I said.

"I am sorry that I never see her at church."

"I regret it, too," I said, as deprecatingly as if she belonged to me. Then I added hesitatingly: "I am afraid she feels a little neglected. She tells me you have only called on her once, and Mrs. White has never called at all."

"To tell you the truth I am not favorably impressed by Mrs. Egremont," Mr. White said frankly; "it is by my wish that my wife has not made Mrs. Egremont's acquaintance. "What do you know of her, Miss Lindsay?"

I told him all I knew, and it amounted to so little.

"She is educated, fascinating, versatile, and good-natured." I said, in conclusion.

"Fascinating and versatile I grant you; but good-natured and educated—is she really either?"

"I wish you could only meet her," I was saying enthusiastically, when opportunely Mrs. Egremont walked in. We were on those terms now that we did not wait to knock or ring at each other's doors.

"Just in time for afternoon tea," I said, getting up to greet her.

"Give me a cup at once!" she said, bowling graciously to the vicar the while. "I am come to you in distress again. This time I can't suspect your servant any more than I do my own; but my emerald marquise ring—you know it dear—has disappeared!"

"Have you mislaid it yourself?" the vicar asked, and she turned such a pained look upon him by way of reply.

"My dear old emerald ring! My poor hand looks quite naked without it, doesn't it?" She stretched out her tiny beautiful little hand as she spoke, and to my surprise, the ordinarily reserved vicar took it and looked at it with interest.

Laughingly she withdrew it from his grasp.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

"Because I am interested in the study of character, and hands express it as clearly as faces," he answered.

She folded her pretty hands tightly together, and asked:

"What has my hand told you of me, Mr. White?"

"That you have an acquisitive nature."

"What's that?"

"That you desire to possess whatever you admire."

"My poor hands; they give me a very bad character, I'm afraid," she said laughingly. Then she trifled with her tea, and presently, saying she would "see me again in the evening," she went away.

"Isn't she charming?" I asked.

"No," Mr. White said severely; "she's false. I know it's not charitable to say it, but she is false. I don't believe she has lost her marquise ring."

"I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of the best friend I have in the place," I said coldly; and on this Mr. White and I parted for that week, with what might be described as distant civility.;

By-and-by, in the evening—it was pleasant summer weather now, and all the windows and doors were open, freely admitting the wafts of fragrance from the roses, clematis and jasmine, which hung and festooned themselves all over the house—Mrs. Egremont came in again.

"Is that bear gone?" she asked, putting her pretty head in at the French window of my drawing-room.

"Meaning the vicar? Yes he is, my dear. Come in," I said warmly, for she was just the person to make a long summer sauntering evening go off pleasantly.

"I know you haven't dined yet," she began in her pretty coaxing way, "and I want you to be nice, and come and dine with me to-night. Instructed by me, cook has done wonders, and I want you to come and tell me whether or not I'm fit to be an instructress in the noble art of cooking at South Kensington. For, my dear Miss Lindsay, let me reveal the truth to you, I'm a poor woman!"

"You poor!" I said with jocularity. "I'll dine with you nevertheless."

She waited while I made my evening toilet, and as I drew on my lace mittens she questioned:

"No rings to-night, my friend?"

"No," I answered. "I can't bear that jewelry should call attention to my very plain hands while your pretty ones are by."

She laughed lightly.

"My poor little hands! I wish they were more like other people's. They get me into no end of scrapes. Poor little hands!"

She held them up before her as she spoke, and they looked more delicately lovely than ever.

My jewel case was lying on my dressing table open, for her to select a brooch wherewith to fasten the lace at my throat.

"Look it up, you careless old dear" she said; and I handed her the key. She locked the case and returned the key to me. Before I went out I locked away the key in a secret drawer in my escritoire.

Then together we went across our gardens to her house, where we dined.

The dinner was composed of the lightest and most delicate viands. A clear vegetable soup, whitebait, salmon cutlets the size of a dollar, sweetbreads, chicken served in an idealized sauce, an omelette lighter than vanity itself, and an ice pudding.

The wine was champagne of the best vintage—much too good for unappreciative women in fact. Altogether it was a fairy-like repast, crowned with fruit and flowers. But after my cup of coffee I felt strangely tired.

"It is so long since I have dined out of my own house that I feel quite overdone by the change," I confessed, when we got into the warm, fragrant, cosy, drawing-room.

"Then just lie down and have a nap while I write some letters," she said cordially. "When you wake up we'll have a game of chess."

I was so drowsy that I accepted her suggestion, and after blinking furiously for a few minutes in a vain endeavor to keep awake, I relinquished the attempt and fell into a deep sleep.

I must have slept for hours, for when I woke it was just twelve o'clock. Mrs. Egremont was writing still. She looked up and laughed as I rose from the sofa.

"My dear you have had a good long nap and no mistake," she said. "See what heaps of letters I've written."

"You'll call me a bear as well as the vicar after this," I replied. And then I asked her if she had been writing all the time.

"Yes, the whole time. I haven't stirred from my seat, much less from the room."

"I hope my servants are not sitting up for me," I said as I was going away.

"Surely they wouldn't be so imprudent as to go to bed and leave the house after these jewel robberies" she said thoughtfully. And then she fell to lamenting the loss of her jewels again.

My servants was still up when I went in, and we all went upstairs together.

"I shall not want you to-night, Ellen," I said. "You shall put my things away in the morning."

I thought for a moment that I would put away my brooch—a valuable pearl one—away, but the trouble of unlocking the escritoire, to get the key of the jewel case, prevented my doing this, and I left the brooch on the pin-cushion.

The next morning when Ellen came in, she burst forth with the words, "Mrs. Egremont has gone off without saying a word to her servants, ma'am."

"Gone off!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, ma'am, and no one knows where. She hav'n't gone from this station, and some fellows in the village say that at about two o'clock this morning they heard a horse and trap dash through the street and stop for a minute or two at Mrs. Egremont's gate; that's what I hear, and that's all anyone knows about it."

I was profoundly surprised, and a little hurt that my friend had not communicated her intention of departing so soon to me on the previous night.

I dressed and went down to breakfast in a bewildered state of mind, and presently Maria, Mrs. Egremont's housemaid, came in to hear if I could throw any light on her mistress's movements

"Do you think she'll come back ma'am?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Most probably she will," I said reassuringly. "She will not leave all her belongings to their fate, but will, I should think, certainly come back to look after them."

"All her best dresses are gone, ma'am, and folks in the village say the furniture has never been paid for."

"Folks' gossip, probably," I said severely; but I did not quite like the look of things myself.

But all thoughts of Mrs. Egremont were banished from my mind for a time by a dreadful discovery I made when I went upstairs to put away my pearl brooch. The key would not turn in the lock, and on examination I found the jewel case already unlocked and empty!

Empty! And my suite of pearls alone were worth an immense sum, and besides these there had been numerous bracelets and rings of different kinds of precious stones of great value. My nerves gave way utterly, and as I gazed into the empty jewel case I burst into tears.

By-and-by the vicar, hearing of my trouble, kindly overlooked our little tiff of the previous night and came in to see me.

To him I narrated all I knew concerning Mrs. Egremont's departure, and my own loss. He questioned me closely about the events of the last evening, and when I mentioned my prolonged sleep, he said:

"It is as I expected. Mrs. Egremont is the thief; she must have come to your house while you slept, and robbed you."

Then I remembered that I had handed her the key of my jewel case, and felt sure that she had not locked it.

Mr. White immediately telegraphed information of the robbery to his detective's, together with a full description of Mrs. Egremont. In about a week she was arrested at Folkstone, just as she was about to step on board the steamer. All my jewelry was found in her boxes, together with a rare collection of other peoples', and also the diamond and opal set, and the emerald ring of which she declared she had been robbed.

At the trial, which came off after a short time, it transpired that she had been a lady's-maid in several good families, and that in nearly all of them jewel robberies had taken place during the term of her employment. She had, however, always cleverly managed to evade suspicion until she tried her practised hand on my property.

Her motive for coming down to the little village in South Devon and taking the villa next to mine, was made clear by the evidence.

She had lived as a lady's-maid with a family who had lived next door to me in Kensington Gardens, before I left the city, and had gleaned information, that she afterwards turned to account, of the quantity and quality of my jewelry, from my servants. Her sentence was hard labor, for two years. Truly, those "poor little hands" of hers had brought her into terrible trouble.

## An Ocean Mystery.

BY J. CAMPBELL

THOUGH it is nearly twenty years ago since the events related below occured, yet the impression left upon my mind has never faded or lost the vividness of its outlines; and though there is nothing really inexplicable about it, yet the dash of mystery connected with it has always marked it in my memory as an incident of an unusual order.

We were driving on our way northwards from the gloomy and savage neighborhood of Cape Horn, homeward-bound in the frigate "Bruiseswater," now, alas, long since consigned to the shipbreaker.

The fact of our being homeward-bound should have made all hearts light and all faces bright among our five hundred souls; but for all that, there was a general air of gloom in the ship, which was not to be accounted for save by one theory only—that of superstition.

For things had not gone well with us since we had hoisted our homeward-bound pennant.

True, we had sailed out of Valparaiso Bay with the said pennant streaming away, and with all our "chummy" ships playing "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot" as we passed by them; and we had received and returned cheer upon cheer as we made our way to the open sea; while from the midshipmen's berth had rolled up in a rich volume of sound, every night for more than a week before, the old strain, so well known and so lovingly cherished, "Homeward Bound."

But still, as I say, things had not gone well with us. We had speedily left the warmth of the tropical weather, and had gradually found it colder and colder each morning as we made our way down towards the dreaded Cape of Storms.

That was natural, and we were prepared for it; but no sooner had we got to the latitude of the Cape itself, than the wind had shifted, and we had it day after day, night after night, a hard gale right in our teeth.

Bitter cold it was too, with tearing storms of snow and hail—heavy thundering seas sweeping us fore and aft, bursting in upon our weather-bow, and covering us with spray, that froze ere it fell upon our decks.

Up aloft, everything frozen hard—running rigging as stiff and unmanageable as a steel hawser; blocks jammed with ice and snow; canvas as unyielding as a board; men up aloft for an hour or more trying to take a reef in the fore-topsail, and then so stiffened with cold themselves, as to be unable to come down without assistance: while below, the close, musty, damp, dark ship was the picture of discomfort, her decks; main and lower, always wet, often with an inch or two of ice-cold water washing about on them; soaking clothes hung up all over the place, in the wild hope that they might eventually get dry.

Day after day, night after night, this state of things kept on, until there gradually crept in among the men—started, no doubt by the older hands, always and deeply imbued with the spirit of superstition—a sort of dim suspicion that the ship was under a ban—bewitched, in fact; that, as they said, there was a Jonah aboard; and until he went overboard, we should never weather the dreaded Cape, but were doomed to thrash continually to windward, never gaining an inch on our way.

Strange as it may seem, the were many, very many, among our blue-jackets who held their belief firmly, and expressed it openly.

We, of course, in the midshipmen's berth, careless and light-hearted from our extreme youth, laughed at the solemn tones of the old quartermasters, who employed their hours of midnight watch on deck in narrating to us similar instances of vessels which had been thus doomed to struggle with the storm until some unknown criminal had either confessed his crime, or had voluntarily paid the penalty of it.

But, as the bad weather continued, and the ship seemed quite unable to advance upon her homeward track some of us, too began to allow our minds to be influenced to a certain degree by the mysterious language and ominous hints of these men, so much our elders in years, and our superiors in practical experience.

Matters had got to this pitch, and no change appeared about to take place in the aspect of the weather or the direction of the wind, when one wild and wretched forenoon at seven bells (eleven-thirty) the men were piped to muster on the main-deck for that one drop of comfort which they could look forward to in the day—the serving out of each man's "tot" of grog.

Faces which at other times wore a look of gloom, were brightening under the influence of the spirit; the everpresent growl was stilled for a while; the joke began to pass around as the blood warmed and flowed more rapidly through the veins, when a whisper—a sort of muttered suggestion, made at first with a kind of apologetic reluctance, but with growing confidence and insistence as it gained ground—passed through the throng of men that one of their number was missing.

Such a whisper makes its way through a ship's company, however large, like a current of electricity, and so it was in this case; but at first the men kept it to themselves.

It could not long, however, be concealed; and presently it spread to the midshipmen's berth; next the wardroom heard it; and soon the captain himself was made aware of the suspicion.

Well I remember, now, as we sat in the cold, damp, comfortless, dirty berth, discussing the matter with boyish eagerness, the sudden shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate burst upon our ears, followed by the hoarse cry of: "Hands muster by open list!"

So, then, the captain thought it important enough to make serious and official inquiry into.

Then came the calling over of those five hundred names, with most of which we had been familiar for three years or more of our commission in the Pacific.

But I am wrong—not quite all of those five hundred. There came a time when the name of one, a petty officer, was called; but no reply came to the call, and a dead silence reigned over the ship—a silence, I mean, as regards human speech or sound: the gale and the thundering seas never for a moment ceased their tumult.

Then followed the grave and searching investigation into the mystery. Who had seen him last? Where was he then? In what state? How long ago was it? and so on, and so on; until at last the whole ship's company knew that one of their number had gone overboard—presumably in the morning watch; probably swept off by a peculiarly heavy sea, well remembered in the watch.

But unknown, unheard, unseen—his cry for help, if such a cry he gave, utterly drowned and smothered in the ceaseless roar of the sea, the shriek of the wind. And so the men were dismissed, each to his especial duty; and the paymaster was directed to see that the fatal letters D. D. (Discharged Dead) were placed against the unhappy man's name in the ship's books.

And now occurred a circumstance which took the whole ship by storm, as it were, and which, mere accident and coincidence as it was, made all the old seadogs nod their heads and eye the younger men meaningly, as who would say, 'What did I tell you?' while they, on their part, were firmly impressed with the lesson in cause and effect thus so pointedly placed before them.

It was close upon noon when the fact of a man being lost was clearly established; and ere the afternoon watch was over, the sky had cleared, the storm had dropped, the wind had shifted right around, and was blowing dead fair! There was no room for more argument—the oldsters had it all their own way; the scoffers were silenced.

The ship now, in a few hours, rounded the Cape, which before had seemed an impossible obstruction to her, and made her way unhindered to the north; but the feelings engendered by the events immediately preceding this change had taken too strong a hold upon the men to pass lightly away, and in many a long first or middle watch the subject of the disappearance of the lost shipmate and its immediate effect upon the elements was discussed with bated breath, and many an ominous shake of the head was given as the opinion was moodily expressed that "We'd not done with him yet."

And when, a few days afterwards, on a Sunday morning during divine service, the quartermaster of the watch came creeping and tiptoeing down the ladder to report something to the commander, who at once followed him silently up the after-hatchway, but a few minutes afterwards returned and whispered mysteriously to the captain, who in his turn mounted on deck and did not come down again, we all felt that perhaps something more might be in store for us, and was even now perchance at hand.

How impatiently we sat as the sermon dragged out its seemingly interminable length, and then, when at last the blessing had been given and the quick sharp voice of the first-lieutenant had issued the order, "Boatswain's mate, pipe down!" we literally tumbled up on deck, to learn what it was that had disturbed the calm of that Sabbath forenoon.

It needed but a glance. "Icebergs!" There they were, a long array of cold, filmy, shadowy giants, looming huge in the mist with which each surrounded himself—ghostly, ghastly, clammy spectres from the very land of Death itself.

Not that we thought of them then as such: no, we were glad, we youngsters; we liked them; we said they were "jolly," though any object less gifted with an aspect of joviality one can hardly imagine.

Each, as we neared it, wrapped us in its clammy shroud of death-cold fog, and chilled us to the very marrow, and, towering far above our main-royal-mast head, seemed to threaten us with instant and appalling destruction.

So we sped on, iceberg after iceberg rising above the horison as we held our course; and, if sources of anxiety and alarm by day, how much more so by night!

Often we entered a vast bank of impenetrable fog, conscious that somewhere, in its inmost recesses, lay concealed, as if waiting for its prey, a gigantic berg, but never knowing from moment to moment when or where exactly to expect it.

This was a splendid chance for the croakers.

Many a great solemn head was shaken, and many a jaw wagged with gloomy forebodings over that unusual and unexpected appearance of ice in the Southern Sea.

By-and-by, the wind began to freshen, and signs of another gale appeared, though this time from a quarter fairly favorable to us; and with her canvas snugged down and a bright lookout forward, the old ship began to shake her sides as she hurried away from those inhospitable seas with their spectral occupants towards the inviting warmth of the tropics and the steady blast of the trade-winds.

Anxious for a breath of fresh air before turning in to my half-sodden hammock, I went on deck to take a turn with a chum, and enjoy, as we often did together, a few anticipations of the delights of home once more.

It was a wild—a very wild night. There was a small moon; but the clouds were hurrying over her face in ragged streamers, and in such constant succession, that her light was seldom visible; and when she did show it for a fleeting moment, it fell upon a black, tossing, angry sea., whose waves broke into clouds of icy foam as they fell baffled off the bow of the great ship, or tried to leap savagely over her quarter.

It was a hard steady gale, the wind shrieking and humming through the rigging, and the old ship herself pounding ponderously but irresistibly at the great mountains of water before her, and creaking, groaning, and complaining as she did so, masts, yards, hull, all in one strident concert together, as if remonstrating at the labor which she was forced to undergo.

In spite of the moon, the night was as black as Erebus, and from the quarterdeck on which we paced, the bow of the ship was barely visible.

We were just turning our faces aft, my chum and I, in our quarter-deck walk, when a voice rang out sudden, clear, and loud forward—the voice of the starboard lookout man.

"A bright light on the starboard bow!" Instantly we, and indeed every soul on deck, turned and peered hard in that direction. Not a vestige of a light was to be seen!

Then the voice of the officer of the watch was heard from the bridge, ordering the midshipman of the watch to go forward and find out if the man was dreaming, or if any one else had seen the light which he reported.

No one else had seen it; but the man stuck to his text.

He had seen for a second of time a bright light on the starboard bow—a very bright light, quite different from anything which was usually seen at sea.

"No, sir! I beg your pardon, sir! I wasn't asleep—not I, sir! broad awake as I am now, sir! and able to swear to it."

By this time all hands were on the alert, and many officers, old and young, had tumbled up from below at the hail.

"But, my good man, if it was really a light which you saw, some one else must have noticed it too."

"Don't know nothin' about that, sir; but I can swear to it. What I seen were"—

"A bright light on the starboard beam!" sang out the starboard waist lookout at this moment, and "I saw it!" and "I saw it!" echoed several voices; but before the officer of the watch could turn round towards the direction indicated, it was gone, and the starboard beam presented one uniform sheet of impenetrable blackness.

"Waist there! What was it like?"

"Somethin' of a flash-light, I should say, sir," replied the lookout. "Very bright and very short—gone in a moment-like."

By this time the captain and commander were both on the bridge, and the whole ship was alive with curiosity.

"What can it be?" I asked of the old boatswain against whom I brushed in the darkness as I walked aft.

"'Tis a boat," said he; "that's what it must be. The cap'n he allows it's a boat, and he's pretty sure to be right. Some poor souls whose vessel has foundered among the ice—whalers, most likely—took to the boats they have. I saw that there light myself—seemed very close to the water, it did. They seen our lights, and burnt a flash-light. If they got another, they'll know that, too, presently."

And now the voice of the commander rang out:

"Mr. Sights!"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the gunner.

"Clear away your two foremost guns on the maindeck, and fire blank charges at short intervals; and get some blue lights, and show them in the fore-rigging at once!"

"Ay, ay, sir." And away went the gunner to see his orders carried out instantly.

But ere his head had disappeared down the hatchway—"A bright light on the starboard quarter!" roared out the marine sentry at the lifebuoy right aft, and once more everybody turned sharp around to find nothing to gaze at but the universal darkness.

"Hands, about ship!" was now the order; and in quick succession came from the bridge the well-known commands in the sharp, imperative voice of the lieutenant of the watch: "Ease down helm!"—"Helm's a lee!"—"Raise tacks and sheets!" &c. And as the splendid old ship answered her helm like a boat, and began to fill on the other tack, "Maintopsail haul!"—for our courses were furled—"Head braces!" "Of all, haul!" and were on the other tack.

The ship was now brilliantly illuminated; half-a-dozen blue lights burnt in her fore and main rigging; while, as we began to move ahead once more, our bow guns blazed forth from the maindeck one after the other—a roar which we fondly imagined would be more welcome than the most delicious music to the ears of the poor storm-tossed castaways in that frail boat which we now hoped to rescue from the wrath of the raging sea.

At intervals there appeared again the bright but transient flash which had first attracted our notice; and through the roar of the waves and the shriek of the wind, we at times imagined that we could hear human voices shouting no doubt for help, and all eyes were strained to the uttermost through the blackness to try and discern the first glimpse of the boat itself.

The last flash had told us that we were steering directly for it, and on we sped, our blue lights hissing and flaring in our rigging, our guns ceaselessly roaring out our sympathy and our desire to save.

Well can I remember the almost choking feeling of thankfulness in my own heart when I thought of the wild joy of these poor outcasts at the prospect of so speedy a rescue, and anticipated the delight of welcoming them on the quarter-deck of so staunch and safe a ship.

But all in a moment my anticipations and my sentiments of gratitude were scattered to the winds.

"Keep her away, sir! keep her away!" came a roar from the forecastle. "You'll be right down upon her! A large full-rigged ship right ahead of us!"

Up went our helm, and the ship's head paid off: and as we strained our eyes in the direction indicated, we could dimly make out, to our intense surprise and unspeakable wonder, the huge, shadowy, ghostly outline of an unusually large vessel.

No signs of life appeared about her. The light which had at first attracted our notice was no longer to be seen. Her masts, yards, and sails were only just visible—not as a black hard shadow against the sky, but pale, spectral, as if mere vapor—barely to be discerned, yet leaving no room for doubt.

There she sailed, a veritable phantom ship. All hands gazed at her in silence. The blue lights were allowed to burn out, and no fresh ones were lighted. The great guns ceased to thunder on the maindeck.

The life-boat's crew muttered uneasily among themselves, as if dreading the possibility of being ordered to board so uncanny a craft; while the older hands once more shook their heads, and said "they knowed we 'adn't seen the last of that poor feller as fell overboard."

But there is nothing more for us to do. Who and what the mysterious stranger hanging on our port quarter was we could not possibly ascertain on such a night, in such a gale; and at length the order was given to "Wear ship;" and we once more turned our back on the vessel which we had been so eagerly pursuing for more than an hour.

As we did so, we could see that he too altered his course; his spectral yards, with their shadowy sails, swung round, and he disappeared without a sign in the darkness of the night.

"Don't tell me," said the boatswain, "as that there were a real ship. Didn't that poor feller disappear suddenly just before we sighted her? Answer me that! Well, then—did we ever know what become of him, oh!—No! Very well, then! That there phantom ship was to tell us how he was drownded, that's what that were, and

nobody shan't persuade me no other that hat.—How do I explain them bright lights? Answer me this: Were them lights onnest lights, such as ships show at night?—No; of course they weren't. Corpse lights?—that's my answer; and when I says corpselights, I mean it."

It may have been an honest merchantman, outward-bound, and too intent upon making a speedy voyage to "speak" us, but, nevertheless, the boatswain's opinion was pretty generally accepted as the correct solution of what was considered to be an ocean mystery.

## Sweethearts.

BY E. W. H.

"I'SE EVAN ROUTH'S sweetheart."

The speaker was a child of about five years old, seated on a high haycock, and making one of the prettiest pictures we confessed we had ever seen.

It was the declining afternoon of a summer's day. The sun, flushed as it appeared with its own heat, was nearing the horizon and sending its slanting rays upon the large upland hayfield, where the haymakers were yet busy raking and tossing the hay.

Mark and I had come to Lilyworth to spend our honeymoon. It was a lovely spot, the inland scenery being romantic, while half a mile off from where we lodged was the sea, flowing over golden sands, and beating itself at times, during high winds, upon the grand brown cliffs.

This afternoon the sweet odour that filled the air had attracted us to the hayfields on the upland, and were entering at a part at present deserted by the haymakers, when suddenly we had come upon a child perched alone on a haycock, and playing with some wild flowers in her lap.

She had one of the sweetest faces I had ever beheld—childlike, and yet with a singular earnestness in her large, clear, hazel eyes; nut-brown golden hair formed winsome rings about her white forehead and soft, dimpled throat; while lightly resting upon it was a carelessly-made wreath of "fairy" grass and wild flowers. Her dress was of the plainest, but scrupulously clean, and with a taste that made its poverty becoming.

Mark and I had been both struck with the child, and Mark had said:

"Who are you, little one?"

To which she had answered, gravely regarding us:

"I'se Evan Routh's sweetheart."

"And who is Evan Routh?" I inquired.

For reply she extended both her little dimpled arms, giving a cry of delight with her rose-bud lips. Looking in the direction of her gaze, we saw a bronzed, well-built, handsome young fellow of not more than four-and-twenty approaching. The glad love of the child's face was reflected upon his, making a half inclination as he passed us. He approached the little mite, tossed her lightly to his shoulder, and went striding on across the field, one baby-arm being twined round his head of dark, crisp, curly hair.

"Evan Routh's sweetheart."

Who was he? Who was she? Was he too young to be her father? Could he be her brother? In either case she would scarcely have termed herself his "sweetheart;" yet what a strong affection had beamed in the faces of both!

My curiosity was aroused, and when that evening our landlady was removing the dinner, I said:

"Pray, Mrs. Fennith, who is Evan Routh?"

She regarded me with a little surprise, then replied:

"One of the fishers, ma'am, down in the hamlet."

"And who," put in Mark, smiling, "is Evan Routh's sweetheart?"

Mrs. Fennith began laughing, then looked graver as she exclaimed:

"Ah, I understand, sir; you have seen Winie."

"Yes," said I, and told her, ending by asking what relation she was to Evan Routh.

"Just none at all, ma'am. She's an orphan;" answered our landlady. "It was like this. A little over four years ago Evan Routh was a'most engaged to Winifred Pierson, as pretty a girl as you could find in the country, or out of it, ma'am. She was too pretty, for it made her self-willed and vain, and brought her a deal too many lovers. But none were favored like Evan Routh, and it was settled by all of us that he was the man. Indeed, Winifred had as good as said "Yes," when old Jenkins' sailor-son came home, and Winifred jilted Evan Routh for him.

"It was a cruel thing, and nearly broke the poor young fellow's heart. P'raps she repented it after, for her husband never loved her as Evan had and did.

"Well, ma'am, young Jenkins stopped to take his father's business, for the old man was a'most past work; and one night the two went out fishing, were caught in a gale, and drowned. When the bodies were washed ashore, Winifred went like mad. She was took ill, and died before night; but her infant lived.

"We all said it would a' been a mercy had it died too, for there was no money, and not a relation left to it nor a friend in the world. We were wrong there, however. Evan Routh, for his great love for the girl who had so cruelly jilted him, took the infant, and paid a woman to bring it up. Now it lives with him in the cottage as if it was his own little daughter, and he just spoils her."

"I suppose," said Mark, "the conclusion will be that Evan Routh will marry her when she is old enough."

"Dear no, sir, he'll be too wise; why, he's twenty years older than she. She's her mother's daughter in more than face I don't doubt, and when she gets lovers will like a younger, sprightlier man than he'll be then."

When we left Lilyworth we were so delighted with it that we declared our holiday outing should be spent there next year. But, as is often the case, many things intervened; we were attracted elsewhere, and it was not until fifteen years later that, our children having been invited for the summer holidays to a friend's, Mark and I resolved, as we were alone, to spend our wedding-day anniversary and outing at Lilyworth. We found our former apartments obtainable, and one of my first queries of our landlady was of Evan Routh and Evan Routh's sweetheart.

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Married! Dear! Ma'am, he'll never be married. He loved once; he'll never again."

"And Winie? Is she still as pretty? Is *she* married?"

"Pretty! She's just beautiful, ma'am! Her mother was nothing to her; for she is so sweet and good and true. Married? Oh, no; she's had lovers enough for any girl to pick from, but she refuses them all."

"Why?"

Mrs. Fennith paused, then said:

"Well, ma'am, I believe she loves no one in this world like Evan Routh, though he be twenty years older."

"And he?"

"She's all in all to him. We all know that. She's just like the breath of his life, only he feels he's too old: that she should have a younger mate. He's given her every chance to get one; but—— Well, I fancy, ma'am, your good husband was right, and it may be a match between them after all, though he is old enough to 'a been her father."

The next day I saw Winie. She was beautiful indeed, with one of the sweetest, purest, of expressions. Of course she did not recognize me, but I resolved to make her acquaintance on the morrow.

That evening, however, a sudden and fearful tempest broke over Lilyworth. No one could sleep. Those who were in bed got up again and dressed.

Mark and I went down to the shore, for the sea was a sight to behold.

Among the crowd I saw Evan Routh, and Winie leaning on his arm, while he protected her from the fierce wind. Bronzed, weather beaten, and handsome, he looked certainly more like her father. They didn't look lovers.

Suddenly, through the gloom and tumbling wrack, there appeared an object which made every woman utter a cry, every man snarply draw his breath. It was a ship—a doomed unmanageable thing, on to the rocks.

Soon she showed signals of distress, seeking help from the shore.

One man alone answered the appeal—Evan Routh.

Striding forward, facing round to the others, he cried:

"Lads, who's ready of you to go with me to try to save yonder ship? There, sir—there may be women and children on board!"

There was a silence.

"What!" he cried. "Is there not a man among you? Am I to go by myself?"

"No; not if I can be of any use."

I uttered a cry, for the speaker was Mark.

"Thank you, sir," replied Evan Routh. "You've got the courage, but not the skill. You're not used to the sea, so would be in the way. But you've shamed these fellows into pluck."

Three or four had stepped forward, and soon they began to run the boat down, though an old fisher remarked:

"It's just foolhardy madness; no boat could live in such a sea."

My fears allayed respecting Mark, I looked at Winie; she stood like a statue, her hands clasped, her head slightly inclined forward, her beautiful features rigid as stone, her lips tightened, her eyes dilated; they were fixed on Evan Routh.

My heart bled for her.

The boat, with much difficulty and danger, was at last successfully launched, and went fighting its way across the stormy billows.

How eagerly, anxiously we watched it, scarcely daring to breathe! So anxious were we for the brave rescuers that we forgot the if-possible-to-be-rescued, until a great cry cleft the air and rushed up to heaven.

The ship had been hurled upon the reefs with an awful crash. There was a momentary mountain of foam. When it cleared away the ship had gone—not a vestige remained in view.

What of the boat?

We looked back to the spot where it had been.

It was not there!

We waited for it to start up from the dark trough of some billow.

*It never came!*

"She's gone!" ejaculated the crowd.

I looked towards Winie; her stony face was still turned to the sea, but she had dropped on her knees.

I would have gone to her, but Mark hindered me. He begged me not to leave the shore. The tide was coming in, and the wind blew inland, so that *the wreck* might be washed on the beach.

I knew what he meant, but I could not go. It would have been impossible.

The men were down at the margin, with ropes ready to rush in and try to save any of the unfortunate men who might be washed up alive.

The women ran to and fro screaming, crying, beating their hands in pitying despair.

Winie remained still kneeling, motionless.

I was again going to her, but again was prevented. There was a shout, some of the men dashed into the water and brought something out. The women hurried to the spot. Winie sprang to her feet, then paused as an aged woman's shrill tones rose into the air:

"It's Jack—it's my boy Jack! Thank Heaven, he lives!"

Another and another were rescued. Then farther down the beach some fishers drew out one and uttered no cry.

Mark could not stay me; I felt excited, mad! I hastened to the spot. Oh, Heaven! there he lay—handsome, calm, as in sleep—the man who had so bravely risked his life for others—Evan Routh—dead!

The men in their hearts' deep sympathy could utter no sound. But somehow the truth was divined, and others formed a ring around.

Abruptly there was a movement, a whisper.

"Keep the poor lass back."

Keep her back? Would it have been possible?

Winie had guessed who lay there. Her hair loose, and tossed by the wind; her head uncovered; her features stony, but now rigid with grief, an agony that could utter no sound, she broke her way through, and looked upon the body.

One low, appalling cry, piercing every heart broke from her lips. She sank on her knees, then dropped over the dead fisher, her face on his wet breast, her arms about him tight—tight!

Then—silence!

Was she weeping? Was her sorrow too deep for tears? Had she found temporary relief from misery in unconsciousness?

A space we waited. Then a woman, stepping to her, stooped and gently raised her, saying:

"Come, dear lass! take comfort. The Lord's will be done. If man ever went to glory, he has, for he died trying to save others."

The girl made no resistance, uttered no word. Her arms hung limp, her head fell back on the woman's shoulder.

The woman uttered a cry of terror.

"Heaven be merciful to us!" she exclaimed. "The lass is dead!"

It was true.

Winie's heart, full of a pure and holy love, had broken for the man whom her mother had cruelly jilted.

In the Lilyworth churchyard there are two graves side by side. One is "Evan Routh's," the other is "Winie's," Evan Routh's sweetheart. That, and nothing more.

WHAT IS A FOOT?—The reply of most people will be "twelve inches." But this is scarcely correct; for the length of the foot regulates that of its twelfth part, one inch. The origin of the foot measure is curious. In olden days, it is said, its length was thus arrived at:

On a Sunday morning after service, the proper officer stood at the church door, and stopped the first sixteen men who passed out. He then made them put their left feet one behind the other; and the sixteenth part of the resulting length was the right and lawful foot-measure of that particular parish.

One would have expected to find the measure of sixteen feet surviving under some special name. Instead, we have the rod, pole, or perch, of 16 ft. 6 in. This is because the foot of twelve inches—the foot as we know it—became an established measure of length in the thicker centres of population long before the old system of adapting the foot measure to the human feet of the particular country parishes had died out.

So it was that at a given date, a foot in the city meant a fixed length, while, at the same date, it meant a variable length in the country. The rod of 16 ft. 6 in. is the result of a compromise between the city and the shires.

The country foot of the peasant was larger than the town foot of the artisan. It was tactfully arranged that, so far as the foot was concerned the country should give way to the city, and that, so far as the rod was concerned, the city should give way to the country.

And this was a very reasonable arrangement; for the foot is essentially the measure of the artisan, while the rod is used only in connection with land.

A WOMAN'S SPITEFUL SMILE. A very mature pride and her immature consort, while on their wedding trip, so the story goes, annoyed the rest of the passengers in the cars by the effusiveness of their devotion to each other. Besides this, the happy couple kept their window open a good deal, to the discomfort of their fellow travellers.

At last a lady who sat opposite them—only a woman could have cut so unerringly and mercilessly into the weak spot of her soul—leaned over and said with the sweetest smile—

"Madam, will you kindly request your son to close the window? I fear I am taking cold."

The window went up, but not the spirits of the bride.

THE other night a Yinal Haven, Conn., young man, through mistake, received the Sheriff's coat at a ball, and, while escorting his "best girl" home, discovered handcuffs in one of the pockets. The girl put them on, and they unfortunately snapped and locked. She remained in the embarrassing position till the Sheriff arrived with the key.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Vienna police have, it is said, adopted the photographic pass cards, first, if we are not mistaken, used by the season ticket holders of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. In many continental countries a maidservant cannot remove from one canton to another, nor sometimes even pass from the service of one family in the same town to that of another without having a police look at her credentials. It is the same with artisans and mechanics, and of course they cannot leave their native country without an international identity pass, else they might escape the conscription or military service.

That model of modern engineering, the Eiffel tower, on the Champs de Mars, Paris, which was expected to be one of the ornaments of next year's exposition, is said to be, in point of architectural beauty, a dismal failure. A letter from an American in France is pronounced in its condemnation of the great iron structure. The writer says: "I wanted to stay in Paris, but that tower, which is now 800 feet high, worried me out of that plan. It haunts you. You cannot help seeing it, and the more you do see it, the crazier you get. I am now 200 miles from Paris, yet the first thing I see when I get up in the morning is that awful tower. It is a terrible bore. When it reaches its full height one will be able to see it, I guess all over France. I shall then go to Africa."

A coal dealer in the suburbs of Boston, says a paper of that city, was called upon at his office by a poor, hard-working woman, and requested to send a basket of coal to her home. "We do not deliver so small a quantity," was the merchant's reply. "It is our invariable rule never to send less than a quarter of a ton." "But I cannot pay for so much" was the pitiful confession, "and I have left my little children home in a fireless room. What am I do?" "Well," returned the dealer, a kindlier light beaming in his eye, "I cannot depart from my rules as to the quantity." Then, turning to his clerk, he continued: "John have a quarter of a ton of coal sent to the woman's address as soon as possible." "But I cannot pay for so much," she expostulated. "I already understand that you can't, so I will charge it to the children. Give yourself no more uneasiness about the debt than they will be liable to do. Good-morning."

A curious story is related at Madrid, in explanation of the misfortunes which have lately afflicted the royal house of Spain: "It appears that the root of the mischief is a fatal ring of quite mediæval deadliness. The King Alphonso XII. gave it to his cousin Mercedes when he was betrothed to her, and she wore it during the whole of her short married life, on her death the King presented it to his grandmother, the Queen Christina. She died very soon after, when it passed to the King's sister, the Infanta del Pilar, who at once began to sicken, and in a few more days also died. Alphonso then handed it to his sister-in-law Christina, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, but in three months she was also dead. His Majesty now resolved to retain the baleful jewel in his own keeping, but, he, too, soon fell a victim to its mysterious malignancy. By order of his widow it has now been suspended by a chain around the neck of the statue of the Maid of Almudena, the patron saint of Madrid."

The following little incident which happened in an agricultural village in Germany, shows that the belief in witchcraft is still deeply rooted even in civilised countries: A farmer lost several head of cattle within a few months, and agreed that this could only be the result of witchcraft, exercised by a neighbor with whom they were not on friendly terms. A miller from the vicinity, far-famed for his power over evil spirits, was consulted, and ordered the doors to be painted with a certain ointment. The evildoer, he said, would be the first person to enter thereafter, and could only be kept from further mischief by having his or her nose squeezed between the door and jamb until the member was crushed. The first person to enter was the neighbor's wife, who was duly captured and who, though the attempt at crushing was unsuccessful, received some serious wounds on the head in her attempt to escape her torturers.

A human hair market is located at Morlaas, in the Department of the Lower Pyrenees, in France, and on alternate Fridays hundreds of hair dressers repair to the little place to buy the hair of the young peasant girls. The dealers wander up and down the long, narrow streets of the town, each with a large pair of bright shears hanging from a black leather strap around his waist, while the young girls who wish to part with their hair stand about in their doorways. The transaction is carried on in the best room in the house. The hair is let down, and the tresses combed out and the dealer names the price. This varies from a half to five dollars. If a bargain is struck the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, applies his shears in a minute the long tresses fall on the floor. The purchaser rolls up the tresses, places them in paper and thrusts them in his pocket. Of course a maiden can rarely see her golden tresses disappear into a dealer's pocket without crying. But she consoles herself with the thought that the hair will grow again and by looking at the money in her hand."

# Our Young Folks.

## THE KITTEN-MOUSE.

BY JOSEPH WAIN.

"OH, I WISH I was a kitten!" exclaimed from the shelter of the sofa a little brown mouse who had been hunted all round the room, into which he had crept but a few moments before. "Oh, I wish I was a kitten!"

All of a sudden a change seemed to come over him: his body felt like a balloon, his head got dizzy, and appeared much higher from the ground.

He looked at his feet; they were white, so was his body! Yes his wish had come true, he had been changed into a kitten.

It must have been "washing-day," which only comes once in a thousand years, he thought. In a moment his mind was made up.

Out he rushed into the middle of the room, licking his lips the while, as much as to say, "There, I've done for that brown mouse now, I have!"

Immediately there was a shriek of delight from all the young ladies in the room, who at once jumped off the chairs where they had sought protection from the little timid brown mouse, and ran to pick him up.

"Oh, doesn't he smell mousy!" exclaimed one. "What a brave little dear!" smirked another.

"Yes, and look at his lovely blue eyes and exquisite long white fur. Oh, what a love!" and the lady who spoke gave him a big, big kiss.

"Oh, and doesn't he mew beautifully?" said young Bob, who was hunting the little brown mouse round the room but a moment before, as he pinched the end of the kitten's tail, but Bob was scolded for being cruel, and was told he was a coward, and shut out of the room.

They named the kitten Hercules, because of his bravery in killing and eating a whole live brown mouse all to himself, ordered half a pint of milk for him every day, and stuffed him with all the dainties in and out of season, so Hercules fared well.

But he began to wish for a bit of candle, and first he bit away at all the drawing-room wax candles, which gave him a fit of indigestion; then he made a raid on a lighted kitchen candle, with dire results to himself.

Suddenly, one day, an idea occurred to him. He had got brothers and sisters who were still mice, and who had probably gone into mourning for him. He would make friends with them.

No sooner said than done. Taking the best candle he could find, he hauled it off to the little hole he himself had made in the skirting boards.

"Annie! Jackie! Willie!" he shouted; "come and see your lost brother who's got a long candle for you all."

"Oh, no, not we," they answered in chorus, "you are only a nasty savage cat, although you smell mousy."

Then he explained all about the "Washing day," and how he was changed to a kitten.

They thought this very wonderful, and began to notch a beam, one notch for every day, and thought to themselves that they would soon get to the end of a thousand years, and then wouldn't they wish! Jackie declared he would be a lion and eat up all the nasty boys; Willie would be a Councilman, and make a law that all cats but his brother should be poisoned; while Annie would keep a large girl's school, and teach all the young ladies to love and make pets of the little brown mice, and not to be frightened of them.

Well, they came out of their hole in time, and ate a lot of the candle, and sat and had a long talk with their brother Hercules, who proposed to introduce them to all his friends the kittens, and make peace between the two races.

They bade each other "good-bye," and Hercules went off on his mission of love as happy as a king

Now you must know that Hercules had come to be looked upon as a wonderful kitten by all the other kittens, and this is how it came about.

One great thing in his favor was that he was very intelligent; another was that his coat had never lost its mousy scent and flavor, consequently all the kittens sat as near to him as they could to get a sniff of his fur.

Why, he never even had to wash or lick himself. He would say in a very lackadaisical tone of voice, "Oh, dear, I do feel so dirty," when immediately a whole crowd of kittens would rush and struggle to get a lick at his coat, and he had to say "That's enough" five minutes before he wanted them to leave off, they enjoyed the mousy flavor so much.

And when at last he could get free from them again, they would purr around him and sing such songs that were never heard before or since in Catdom.

Hercules, after leaving his brothers and sisters sat down and thought out a plan.

One mew brought in all the kittens from the neighboring houses; he let them all lick him until they were intoxicated with delight.

Then he broached the delicate subject, and he preached them such a homily they could not resist.

After that he called to Jackie, who came out quivering like an aspen leaf, and stood up on his hind legs.

"This is Jackie," said Hercules.

Immediately their whiskers bristled.

"Yes, I'm Jackie, I'm a lion, and I'm going to eat all the naughty boys up who pinch your tails and tie bricks to your poor necks."

Hercules looked solemn, and said it was true, which made the kits "Sir" Jackie and wonder whether it was possible that they could be lions too, though they did not exactly know what a lion was, but Jackie had gnawed the picture of a lion out of a book, so of course he did.

Next Willie was called. "I'm a Councilman, and it is my mission in life to look after cats, and poison all those who eat mice."

The kittens looked frightened, and one guilty one bolted.

Annie next came forward and declared that she was a ladies' schoolmistress, and that if the kittens did not behave themselves for the future she would make the young ladies like mice, and banish the kittens from the houses.

Then he introduced three more members of his own family, making six in all. Finding the mice knew so much, the kits grew very much interested in their conversation.

One told of how he had gnawed away at a geography until he knew about every country in the world.

Another had eaten a hole clean through a whole medical library, and dosed all the sick and ailing kittens with all the bitter aloes.

Why, there was not a thing but that some of them knew, and as for gossip, there was one ancient old woman mouse, who would have been a tough morsel for any cat, who knew every secret in every house for miles around.

What times they did have to be sure! The kits would sit on the kitchen stairs, with the six mice and Hercules below them: and the mice would pretend that there was someone coming and frighten all the kits out of their wits. At others the kittens would send the mice bolting into their holes.

But an end came to this suddenly. The life of the meeting, Hercules, came to grief one day. He tumbled into a water-butt and was drowned.

No mouse dared to venture beyond his hole again, for the kits grew into cats and forgot the past. Some of the mice got caught in traps, and some of the cats disappeared mysteriously.

Annie, Jackie and Willie took to notching every day on the beam, one notch for a day, living in hopes; but finding that they some would have to make 365,000 notches before their hopes would be fulfilled, and that at the end of every year they were as far off as ever, there being only 365 notches to their credit out of so many thousands, they gave it up as a hopeless task, and as a result lived to a good ripe old age on candles and cheese crumbs.

## AN AWKWARD SWING.

BY SARAH FITT.

"YES," said Lizzie Norton, with great importance, "there were cakes, swings, and——"

"And what's them?" interrupted ragged Jess.

"Swings! why big ropes tied round trees, and you sit on the end, and they swing you right up to—to the sky, nearly; I went on lots of times."

"And didn't you fall off?" cried ragged Jess.

"Fall off!" scornfully, "I'm not such a baby as you are, Jess."

"I'm not a baby, but I could't hold on that high."

"Just wait till you see one; it's as easy as possible when you know how. Perhaps I'll find one about here, and then I'll show you how."

A vague promise, and Jess had not the slightest hope of its ever being carried out.

She herself never seemed to get a chance at anything beyond the court where they both live, while Lizzie Norton went to two schools, and was always going off to tea-parties and trips into the country.

It was on the latest trip that she had discovered the delights of swinging.

Jess was marching slowly up and down the pavement, nursing a neighbor's baby whom she had promised to take care of for the mother, one afternoon a week or two later, when Lizzie Norton came running up the entrance.

"Oh; you've got that baby again," she cried, stopping short. "Can't you take him back to his mother a bit?"

"What for?" asked Jess.

"Because I've found a swing; it's a good bit from here, and I came up on purpose to take you."

"Oh!" gasped Jess, "is it a school trip?"

"No, it's some place where they have been building, and there's a rope left round a post; it's not quite the same way as we had it, but it'll do for you quite well."

Jess considered a moment. Mrs. Thompson must have nearly finished scrubbing her kitchen by this. If she put the baby safely on the bed his mother would be sure to hear him.

In a minute she and Lizzie Norton were nearly out of sight on their way to this wonderful swing.

Lizzie marshalled her down one strange street after another, through a wide passage that led to the back of an empty warehouse, where she came to a pause.

"There it is," she announced, pointing to a frayed rope; hanging from a broken lamp-post.

Jess stared at it rather blankly. It hardly looked worth coming so far to see. "Is that all. I thought——"

"I told you it wasn't as fine as our swing," said Lizzie in an offended tone; "it'll do to show you how, well enough. Now get up on that stone, and I'll hold the rope.

It was easy for Lizzie to give orders; the top of stone was smooth and slippery, and the rope wriggled all around the post every time Jess tried to spring at it, and when she finally did get on, it wasn't at all comfortable; either her toes or her elbows were knocking against the hard post, and that rope wasn't nearly as steady as a seat on the step at the end of the court.

"I don't think I'll like it, Lizzie," she said uneasily. "I think I'd better go back to that baby."

"Go back! why, you aren't begun yet; hold on tight, I'm going to push—now!"

This swing certainly could not have been made the same way as the school one.

Lizzie was sure she pushed right, and with all her strength, but instead of the rope going up to the sky nearly, it went bumping and twisting round the post.

There was one frightened cry from Jess; the next instant she was lying on the ground, with her leg all twisted behind.

"Hallo! what mischief are you after down there?" shouted a tall policeman coming round the corner of the warehouse.

"It wasn't mischief," cried Lizzie, very meekly, "I was teaching her how to swing, and she's gone and tumbled off directly it started."

"Swing on that rope indeed; you'd no business to touch it; a nice tumble you've given her! Where does she live?"

But it was not back to the court the tall policeman carried Jess.

Mrs. Thompson's baby had to do without his walks for many weeks after that.

Jess remembered tumbling out of that dreadful swing, but the next thing she remembered was waking up in a little bed with a white counterpane, in a long room full of other beds just like her own, and seeing a lady in a white cap and apron standing beside her.

"Where's Lizzie gone?" cried Jess, "and oh! what' the matter with my leg? it feels so stiff and funny, as if it wasn't mine at all."

"You are not to try to move it," said the lady, "only lie quite still and be a good girl, and you will soon be running about again."

"Was Lizzie cross because I fell out?" asked Jess anxiously.

"I don't know; Lizzie ought never to have let you try such a dangerous thing."

"I wanted to know what it was like badly, but now I'll not want to try again," remarked Jess; "I don't think swinging is at all nice; it was dreadfully uncomfortable, even before I fell off."

"That was not a swing at all," said the nurse; "we have a good one in our playground here, and you shall see that some day when you are better."

Better! Jess speedily made up her mind that she had never been better in her life than she was for the next few weeks; the pretty bed and pictures and playthings, and kind nurses and doctors—it was very different from the court and the messages, and that heavy baby; and she did not feel in any particular hurry to get well.

But there came a day at last when she was wrapped up in shawls and taken out to sit on the big grassy square in the warm sunshine. There was a painted wooden horse in one corner, shuttlecocks and battledores, and so many number of them, flying about, and right in the middle of the swing the nurse had spoken about that first day she had been able to talk.

Jess walked slowly round and round admiring it, and presently a nurse came and lifted her up on the low wooden seat, and then—well, if she did not get up to the sky she did go a little that way.

"You see you would never have found out what it was like but for me after all," said Lizzie, when she heard her wonderful experiences the day Jess came back to the court; "if I hadn't taken you down to that swing you wouldn't have had a chance of getting into such a place."

"No," agreed Jess, "and I don't care a bit about trips and tea-parties now," she added with deep pride and satisfaction. "I used to think I never went anywhere at all but there isn't another girl in the whole court has ever been inside that hospital."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—A criminal condemned to death by the civil authorities was given to surgeons to be experimented upon. They stretched him, bound, on a table, blindfolded him, and told him that he was to die by bleeding. His arm was pricked so that he supposed a vein had been opened; but blood was not even drawn.

They then let warm water drop upon the arm and trickle into a vessel beneath. He felt the drops, heard them fall, thought himself bleeding to death, and died without loss of blood, purely from the effects of his imagination.

The following incident is of the same sort, given by a prominent physician. He says, "Some time ago, on visiting the hospital one morning, I was told that a man had been admitted during the night, suffering from a snake bite, and that he was very low. I found him in great prostration, hardly able to speak, and in a state of great depression. He and his friends said that during the night, on going into his hut, a snake bit him on the foot; he was much alarmed, and rapidly passed into a state of insensibility, when they brought him to the hospital. They and he considered that he was dying, and evidently regarded his condition as hopeless. On being asked for a description of the snake, they replied they had caught it and brought it with them in a bottle. The bottle was produced, and the snake turned out to be a small, innocent lycodon. It was alive, though somewhat injured by the treatment it had received. On explaining to the man and his friends that it was harmless, and with some difficulty making them believe it, the symptoms of poisoning rapidly disappeared, and he left the hospital as well as he ever was in his life in a few hours."

## THE IVY'S REWARD.

BY A. W. B.

THE sunbeams were hovering among the branches of the trees, and the lizards were playing about the old wall, darting hither and thither like flashes of lightning, and the crows were lazily cawing, and now and then a moth or gay butterfly floated past.

Only the ivy that grew on the bank, and crept around the trunks of trees looked dull and discontented.

"I wish I could get up higher and out into the sunshine," sighed the ivy; "it is so dark down here, my flowers will not grow, and I have nothing but leaves.

"I am old and gray," said the wall close by; "climb up my sides, dear ivy, and make me a mantle of those beautiful leaves which you so display."

"It is such slow work," replied the other despondingly; "I never seem to get any farther, I shall never get out into the light and air."

"Oh, yes, you will," cried the old wall, encouragingly; "and if you're slow, Mistress Ivy, remember that you are very sure. Some folk shoot up in no time, and almost have their head in the sky before you know where to look for them, and then they come crashing down without any warning, because they lack the strength of endurance."

"We don't understand all that," cried the lizards, playing about the crannies of the wall, "'enjoy life while you may' is our motto; for the cold dark winter is coming; ugh!" and they frisked away into the sunshine.

"If I could only make one effort," said the ivy, "and get on quickly."

"Things that are meant to last are not done in that way," said the old wall who was wise with the wisdom of centuries. "Life, dear ivy, is made up of little efforts, and success comes from repeated struggles."

Just then a thrush perched on a bough close by burst forth into such a tuneful gush of song that the drowsy air quivered and rustled with melody, and the ivy listened, for it seemed to her that the thrush was singing of courage and patience, of joy and hope.

So the ivy, taking heart, clung to the firm old wall, and steadily, steadily, through winter's cold and summer's heat through rain and sunshine, she crept higher and higher and higher, and nearer and nearer to the light.

At last one bright and beautiful day the height was reached; and the sun set some of his warmest rays to greet the ivy, as she spread out her brown veined leaves and drank in the balmy air.

And soon there was something besides leaves, for clusters of pale green flowers appeared, and as the summer passed on these gave place to bunches of deep purple berries.

The bees hovered lovingly about her, and in spring birds built their nests amid her sheltering leaves, and the ivy was happy, for she had reached the light at last.

ON INTEREST.—No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night in fair weather or foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him.

There is but one thing on the farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed on Canada thistles than attempt to be at ease upon interest. H. W. B.

A woman who is proof reader on a morning paper at Charleston, S. C., walks home about 2 o'clock every morning. She carries a loaded revolver in one hand and a lantern in the other. The police keep a look-out for her appearance and hail her as she passes their beats. She is a maiden lady and would "shoot" if occasion required. She comes from a family known for both brains and pluck.

A LADY visiting Nyack, N. Y., from Brooklyn, took a hot brick to bed with her on Sunday night. About midnight she was awakened by smoke, and she found the lower part of her bed on fire and her toes just touched by the flames. A loud Brooklyn scream aroused the household. The impending conflagration was extinguished, and the lady's toes were anointed with sweet oil.

MANY people believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number," and their greatest number is one.

A FOOL is always beginning.

### ALONE.

BY GRAZIA.

Ah! why, ah! why am I alone
  This fair and moonlit night,
While soft the passing zephyrs moan
  In gentle, birdlike, flight?

Alone! alone! for aye alone!
  For naught can change it now;
And life is wrecked, I hopeless roam,
  Since hard Fate bids me bow.

Grim destiny, so cruel, cold,
  A ceaseless war has waged;
Until my heart has grown so old—
  Each leaf with sorrow paged.

Ah! ne'er again will friendship sigh,
  Nor Love's bright sunbeams glow;
I ask in vain the reason why
  My life's so full of woe.

What irony of Fate is this,
  That I must joyless roam,
While others know the way of bliss
  In this their earthly home?

Why not for me may Hope illume
  This path of mortal life?
How can it be no flowers bloom
  And blossom midst its strife?

I do not know, I cannot see—
  I have dreamt a dream all vain;
And I must bear as best I may,
  And wear this galling chain.

### CONCERNING SLEEP.

Amongst the peculiarities which belong to man, and man only, there is none perhaps which exercises such a widespread or important influence as sleeplessness.

There is scarcely anything upon which so many dogmatic and yet varying opinions are expressed as to the amount of sleep required by individuals.

There are many who consider the Great King Alfred's division of time into eight hours for labor, eight for amusement, and eight for sleep, as the best possible one.

Others again, cite instances of great men who have influenced the world, and yet taken very little sleep, as showing that eight hours is too much. Jeremy Taylor makes an allowance of three hours; then come Baxter and Wesley, all preachers, with four and six hours respectively. But it is useless to attempt to adduce any rule from isolated examples; the individual wants in each case must be considered.

Some, no doubt, indulge themselves too freely, as was the case with the medical student who started the strange theory that sleep was the natural condition of man, and therefore slept eighteen hours a day, until he died in consequence, of apoplexy.

Others, again, with an almost overpowering tendency to somnolence, have seen the wisdom of keeping it in check, and been to some extent rewarded.

Lord Hailes, when composing his "Annals of Scotland," constantly resorted to a wheel chair he kept in his study, that he might be driven rapidly about by a servant to dispel his disposition to slumber, and in church could only keep himself awake by munching sweetmeats.

Dr. Johnson had to fight against the same tendency; and Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," passed an undue proportion of his time in bed.

There are some people, again who can sleep and wake at will. Napoleon Bonaparte is as an example, as was also Quin the actor. Plenty of instances also abound where sleep has been indulged in under the least favorable circumstances.

Indians, when at the stake of torture, will sleep on the least intermission of agony until the fire is applied to waken them. Many have slept on the rack. Poor little factory children have fallen asleep from sheer weariness, and yet continued to move their hands and fingers as if at work.

Soldiers have slept during a march, as in the case with those retreating with Sir John Moore from Corunna; whilst others, again, have slept sound with the roar of artillery around them.

Still, in spite of the fact that the absence of sleep cannot long be healthily sustained, and that we can bear the privation of fire, food, and even drink, longer than we can the want of sleep; the utmost misery from sleeplessness is a common and familiar occurrence.

The remedies which have been proposed for it would fill a volume, all sometimes as impossible and as irritating to the sufferer as the Chinese recommendation, to divest the mind of all unpleasant images, painful reminiscences, retrospective sorrows, and prospective griefs.

The most celebrated and perhaps the most efficacious method for procuring sleep that has been devised was originated by a Mr Gardner, who, amongst other things, had remedies for many evils, such as for allaying thirst where no liquid element could be procured, for improving the eyesight by various ingeniously contrived glasses, and for appeasing hunger.

His sleeplessness, however—resulting from a severe spine injury sustained in being thrown from a chaise—had been almost intolerable for years, until he discovered a means, which never afterwards failed him, of commanding sleep at will.

The discovery caused some stir at the time, and many eminent persons adopted it, and gave testimonials as to its efficacy. Now, however, that it has dropped out of existence, it may be a boon to many to have its formula reproduced.

The sufferer who has wooed sleep in vain is, according to Mr. Gardner to lie on his right side, with his head comfortably placed on the pillow, having the neck straight, so that respiration may not be impeded. The lips are then to be closed slightly and a rather full inspiration taken, breathing through the nostrils as much as possible. The full inspiration taken, the lungs are to be left to their own action.

Attention must now be fixed upon the respiration. The person must imagine that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and at the instant he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness leaves him—or at least so says the recipe—and he falls asleep.

If this method does not at once succeed, it is to be persevered in, and if properly carried out, is believed to prove infallible. It is founded on the principle that monotony, or the influence on the mind of a single idea, induces slumber; and, as such, is but another form of different methods which are familiar to a great many.

One of the most effectual means of preventing wakefulness is, however to remove the cause. It may be said that none but the patient can minister to 'a mind diseased,' that no one can at all times fly from or avoid great mental pain, or, in fact, an amount of physical pain sufficient to keep a person awake.

But sleeplessness is often the result of far simpler causes. A bright light in the room, an unaccustomed noise, an uncomfortable bed, are causes which suffice to keep some people awake.

Any strong intellectual effort, such as an exciting game of chess just before retiring to rest, will keep the circulation in the brain at such an unnatural tension that sleep is impossible. Tea and coffee cause wakefulness also, by the increased activity in the circulation, just as much as cold, which produces a derangement in the circulation and a certain amount of discomfort.

## Grains of Gold.

Charity is not an action; it is life.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

The devil's friendship reaches to the prison door.

Never intrude ill health, pains, losses or misfortunes.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Never unavoidably wound the feelings of a human being.

What we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

A single grateful thought toward Heaven is a most effective prayer.

Few persons are living to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

Half the minor miseries in life come from kicking against the irremediable.

A bite of bread to a hungry man is worth more than a thousand words of condolence.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in person.

The smaller the drink, the clearer the head and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

Let wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself; for every guilty person is his own hangman.

Not in the achievement, but in the endurance of the human soul, does it show its divine grandeur and its alliance with the infinite God.

## Femininities.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Beware of meddlers and tale bearers.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Bridal toilets are trimmed with white flowers.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.

There were 227 suicides for love's sake in Paris last year.

Wash all marble daily with ammonia and water, in place of soapsuds.

Slander is a slime which envious people throw on others better than themselves.

It takes a maiden of 33 to confess that she is not so bitterly set against smoking after all.

Scandal is what one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

An ingenious idea is a little paper weight, a fac-simile of an old fashioned mile stone, in solid white onyx.

Specially attractive as a breastpin is a golden scythe, entwining a spray of enameled pansies, with gold stems.

It is said that Empress Eugenie once paid 1000 francs an ounce for a braid of golden hair that exactly matched her own.

The principal occupation of the "girl of the period" is said to be to sit at the window and watch for the "coming man."

In a suit for divorce in St. Louis the plaintiff testified that her husband once pawned her wedding dress for a drink of liquor.

There are two women in the United States—one in Brooklyn and one in Flint, Mich.,—who follow the calling of undertaker.

A little girl in De Kalb county, Ga., rejoices in the name of Susan Julia Melinda Maria Savannah Sophia Elizabeth Lady-Bug Towers.

It is said that when a girl gets to be 35 she is fond of being called Daisy, if that happens to be her first name. At 16 she insists on being called Miss Smith.

Rev Dr. Dike declared at the meeting of ministers in Baltimore recently that in the last 20 years there had been 200,000 "broken marriages" in this country.

George Thornburg, of Winfield, Kan., and Arminta Miles, of Sumner, were married by Judge Tansey lately. The young lady lacked one day of being 10 years old.

A woman at Hutchinson, Kan., with 14 children applied to the city marshal the other day to make a split in her family, as she could not support them all. She now hustles for 8.

A skipping rope has just been patented which plays its own music, the act of turning the rope setting in motion a small musical-box which is fixed at the end of one of the handles.

The rocking chair is a favorite article of furniture, and always will be so long as there are people in the world who delight in constantly being on the move without ever getting ahead.

The Rector: "My dear Mrs Worldleigh, you must miss your church very much; I feel for you." Mrs. Worldleigh: "I don't miss my church as much as you suppose, for I make Janet sit at the window Sunday morning and tell me just who are going by and how they are dressed.

In the little town of Arvesnes, in France, it has been discovered that there are 42 young marriageable girls, and only 3 young men who are candidates for matrimony, and one of these has proved so recreant to home influence that he is about to marry a girl belonging to a neighboring village.

"Amanthy," said the old lady from the head of the stairs, "what does that feller mean by stayin' so late?" "Excuse me one moment, Mr. Herring," said Amanthy, as she closed the parlor door and whispered softly up the stairs: "I think he means business, maw; you get to bed."

Colors used in sealing-wax are said to express a certain significance. White is used for weddings; black, drab and purple for mourning; lavender in condolence; dinner invitations are sealed with chocolate color; blue denotes constancy; green expresses hatred; ruby or cardinal the most ardent love.

First sweet girl: "Oh, it was romantic! We were at Long Branch, you know. I got beyond my depth in bathing and he saved my life, and after that we became engaged. Isn't it lovely?" Second sweet girl: "That's just your luck, dear. I worked out beyond my depth six times, and was saved by six different young men, but every mother's son of them was married."

Few people know how early the English Queen rises as a rule. During the lifetime of her mother she was generally out of bed shortly after 6 o'clock, and the early habits of her girlhood have been carried by the Queen into later life, and although the monarch bears a heavy load of years, she habitually rises now at a time when even young wives would think it a hardship to be obliged to summon their maids.

"Bobby," said Mr. Simpkins, "I want to give your sister some nice little present. Do you know of anything she would like?" "Do I?" returned Bobby, with a strong emphasis on the "do." "Well, I guess!" "What, Bobby?" queried Simpkins. "I heard her tell mother this morning that she wanted a new box of face powder, a bottle of hair restorer, some new back switches, and—" But before Bobby could finish, Mr. Simpkins had fled.

Gum chewers, and excessive talkers, too, should take warning from the experience of a Kalamazoo girl. She was engaged in a public gum-chewing contest at Minneapolis, and after an exhibition of rapid chewing her jaws "set." She became almost frantic and rushed off to a physician, who discovered that some of the muscles of her jaw were paralyzed. In a short time the trouble passed away, but she declares that she has no further use for gum.

## Masculinities.

I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old.

The Emperor of Austria has learned the American game of poker.

The fellow whose head was turned was a wooden-head, of course.

Man may growl, grumble and fight, but it has no effect upon natural right.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

William E. Cook, of Portsmouth, R. I., is 90, a blacksmith, and still works in his shop 6 days each week.

W. W. Drummond, ex-Supreme Court Judge of Utah, dropped dead in a Chicago groggery the other night.

Andrew Stetson, of Duxbury, Mass., is 88, and was constantly employed all his life making shoes until one year ago.

Oxidized silver cigar boxes are now being made with a receptacle inside to hold a suspicious looking little flask.

It was a pretty sharp pointed joke to celebrate the birthday of Miss Oldbelle by the gift of a 5-pound bunch of dates.

According to German custom every Prince is taught a trade. The present Emperor is an expert glover, and Prince Henry is a watchmaker.

The Emperor of Germany sleeps, as did his grandfather, on an iron camp-bed. He is subject to insomnia, and often walks his room nearly the entire night.

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," was the reply.

Every man has in his life follies enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; in the performance of his duties, defects enough; in his own fortune, evils enough; without being curious after the affairs of others.

Spurgeon Perry, once a popular Congregational minister of New Jersey, and who made a fortune of nearly $1,000,000 out of patent medicines, only to lose it in speculation, was lately sent to the almshouse as a pauper.

Archibald Campbell, while out driving near Cincinnati recently, pulled out his handkerchief to wipe his nose. Mrs. Osborne was at her gate and thought he meant to flirt with her, and she followed him up and shot him in the arm.

An old ledger has recently been brought to light in Edinburg, Scotland. It belonged to a merchant of the sixteenth century. At the top of the inside board the bookkeeper inscribed the words, "God bliss this bulk and help me and it be honest."

Bluffers: "Yes, don't care if I do. Fact is, I quarreled with my wife this evening and am drinking to drown my sorrows. You have had a similar experience, I suppose?" Blinks: "Yes; but to-night we made up again, and I am out celebrating it."

The Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, as by that means he gave them an opportunity to injure him. "What!" said the noble-minded monarch, "do I not destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

Young husband: "Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear?" Young wife, anxiously: "O, I hope not, dear. I took such pains with them. I even sprinkled them with Jockey Club bouquet before I put them to boil, to take away the unpleasant odor."

The statistics show in the past 10 years there were killed in France by hunting accidents nearly 13,000 men. Of these probably 10 per cent. were fellows who thought they knew how to ride or shoot, and consequently attempted difficult exploits or were reckless with their firearms.

The Patent Office has a list giving the names of all women inventors to whom patents have been granted. They number over 800. The first patent ever issued to a woman was to Mary Kies, for straw weaving with silk or thread. This was in 1809. The second was to Mary Brush, in 1818, for a corset.

"Ah, dearest," sighed a young man, kneeling at the feet of his owness own, "do you know what of all things is nearest my heart?" "Really, I cannot say," she sweetly replied; "but in this cold weather I should think it was a flannel vest." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.

Stranger: "Good morning, doctor." Doctor: "I beg your pardon, sir, you have the advantage; I don't know you." Stranger: "Why, you are the best friend I have." Doctor: "?" Stranger: "Yes. Are you not Dr. Quickkill?" Doctor: "Yes; and you?" Stranger: "I'm Boryman, the undertaker."

An ingenious fellow, who sold a large number of pipes in towns near Portland, Me., did so in this way: He carried on his back an old soiled carpet bag filled with the pipes. He would fill one of them with tobacco, and when well under way approach a man or group of men and strike up a trade at a dollar for the pipe. He told them the pipe was genuine meerschaum, and he wanted to sell that one, the only one he had, in order to get money to pay his fare to Portland. He sold over 40 in one town.

A Kansas City confectioner says: "It is safe to bet that nobody can eat 50 cents worth of candy. I saw it tried the other day. Two young fellows came in, one of whom bet that he could do it. He started on what he thought were the most expensive candies, and missed it. The candies he selected were made principally for show. He went from one kind to another, filling his stomach with all kinds of mixtures. When he had eaten 30 cents' worth he began to show his disgust; at 45 cents' worth he stuck. He had bet a dollar he could eat 50 cents' worth of candy, but he paid it rather than eat the last 5 cents' worth."

# Recent Book Issues.

Some of the most notable of the holiday books have been issued by F. A. Stokes & Bro., New York. Among them are productions to suit all variety of tastes, people and purse. A gem of beauty is "Softly Now the Light of Day," a poem by the R. W. Doane, with a series of illustrative pictures in half tone, bound in blue and gold. Price $2.00. A most decided novelty, and one that will make a classic scholar's heart glad is the reproduction in fac-simile of an ancient book in scroll form with roller, vellum paper, etc., containing eight selections from the Roman poet Horace. The original Latin text is given in fac-simile, followed by the English translation. Price $2.00. It is hard to say which is the best in "Patchwork," the text or the pictures. The latter are by F. Opper, the former by Emma A. Opper. Agreeing their merit is equal they make a splendid holiday book combination. Price $1.00. "Sea-Coast Views Here and There," is a series of selected poems, illustrated by four large, full-page, imitation water-color pictures, by S. B. Shelding. As a holiday presentation book it is full of taste and beauty. Price $1.50. In the not strictly holiday line the same house issues in original style of binding and grand print several attractive little volumes. One is "Songs from Beranger," translated in the original metres, by Craven Langstroth Betts. The collection contains most of the lyrics by which the French poet is best known. The translations are very sympathetic and convey an excellent idea of the style and character of their originals. Price $1.00. Uniform in style with the above is "Wood-Blooms," by John Vance Cheney, one of the very best of the later generation of American poets. They range thro' all the phases of emotion from grave to gay, and are models both of construction and true poetic taste. Price $1.00. All the above publications of Stokes & Bro., can be had of John Wanamaker, this city.

### FRESH PERIODICALS.

The December number of the *Eclectic Magazine* which closes the forty-seventh volume of the new series, is representative of the established character of this monthly for sterling value and interest. The opening article is a story entitled "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil," which has excited great interest in England and France. Among other papers are "International Girlishness," by Edward Lang; "The Industrial Village of the Future," by Prince Krapotkine; "The Position of Women in Ancient Rome," by Principal Donaldson; "Two Republics," by Karl Blind; "Sketches of Indian Life;" "The Great Missionary Failure," by Canon Taylor, together with several readable short papers and sketches, poetry, etc. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Broadway, New York.

In *The Forum* for December Archdeacon Farrar explains in detail Tolstoi's religious teachings. Dr. Austin Flint in "A Possible Revolution in Medicine," explains the probability of preventing all infectious diseases. Prof. William Crookes, summarizes the helps that chemistry has given to modern civilization in practical ways. Mr. Park Benjamin, the mechanical expert, describes the new method of naval warfare. Mr. George W. Cable in "A Simpler Southern Question," shows how the Negro problem is gradually being solved. Prof. Thomas Davidson describes the decay of the apprentice system. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in an essay on "The Price of Life," shows that on an average the American people, who are the best-to-do in the world, live on about forty-five cents a day. Superintendent Z R Brockway, of the Elmira (N. Y.) Reformatory, discusses with an experience of thirty years in prison management, the several systems of employing criminals. Prof. Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, makes a plea for the scientific spelling of the English language, and Junius Henri Browne presents the common sense view of marriage. Published at 253 Fifth avenue, New York.

The contents of *The Popular Science Monthly* are always sure to arrest attention. The December number opens with a curious study of "Psychology of Deception," by Prof. Joseph Jastrow. In "New Light on a Lunar Mystery" Garrett P. Serviss gives a recently discovered explanation of some brilliant spots of light seen on the moon. Dr. C. C. Abbott presents some entertaining observations of animal life in an illustrated article on "The Pine-Tree Lizard." M. Topinard's paper on "The Last Stages in the Genealogy of Man" is concluded in this number. There is an article on "Evolving the Camel," by Grant Allen. The first part of Prof. S. P. Langley's address as President of the American Association, on "The History of a Doctrine," is given. An especially readable article is that by R. A. Oakes, on "Beliefs About the Soul." "Chinese Marriage Customs" is also a splendid article. Dr. J. M. French's "Infant Mortality and the Environment," is worth careful reading. "The Origin of Forest Groupings" is treated by the Marquis de Saporta. "Animal Arithmetic" is very entertaining." A sketch is given of F. A. Vulpian, the distinguished French physiologist, with a portrait. There are other readable articles and a variety of interesting items fill the departments. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

THE perfume of violets, the purity of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the flush of Hebe combine in Pozzoni's wondrous Powder.

### PENCILS MADE OF PAPER.

Paper pencils are the subject of a patent abroad which promises to lead to a large industry, as we understand that the price at which they can be produced is marvelously low.

Ordinary cedar-wood pencils, as every one knows, are made by gluing two pieces of wood together, after having placed in a slot made in one of them a prepared piece of graphite or other marking material.

Although it seems so simple, there are a great many operations to be performed in doing this, such as cutting the large wood into strips of the right size, making the slot or groove into which the lead has to be placed, preparing the leads to the required size, firing these to make them firm, then placing them by hand in the slots of the wood strips, gluing these strips together, and after the glue is set, the two pieces of glued wood have to be rounded off, polished etc.

The idea of using paper instead of wood for pencils is not new, but an objection to pencils thus formed was the difficulty of sharpening, paper being so tough that even with the sharpest knife the jerking from the paper to the lead caused the other to snap off.

Then again the paper having been folded round a previously formed hard marking material was a tedious and expensive labor. These objections to the use of paper have been overcome by this process.

The paper first is made into tubes; a gross or more of these are placed in a frame forming the lower end of a cylinder, and the substance to be used as a marking material being put in a plastic state into the body of a cylinder, is by pressure forced into the hollow centres of the paper tubes. The marking material which now forms the centre of each tube, is hardened by gradual drying during the six days at increasing temperatures.

Up to this point the paper tubes are simply tough cases; but by plunging them into melted paraffin wax the paper becomes of such a nature that it can be cut as easily as the best cedar wood.

OUR GAMES.—Our very games are, some of them at least, stamped with the Shakespearean hall-mark.

Of cricket, it is true, no mention is made, but tennis, football, bowls, and billiards may be all said to have received the sanction of the drama. In the "Comedy of Errors" *Dromio* of *Ephesus* complains that *Adriana* spurns him "like a football," but the game was held in disrepute, for in "King Lear," *Kent* can find no more opprobrious epithet for *Oswald* than that of "you base football player."

The game of bowls, on the other hand, stood well in the estimation of even the clergy, for Sir Nathaniel the curate, is described as a "good neighbor, faith, and a very good bowler," in "Love's Labor Lost."

The technical terms, such as bias, etc., used in connection with this pastime, are still current, and in many rural districts the bowling-green, on which time out of mind successive generation of players have exhibited their prowess, is pointed out as the scene of the most respectable encounters that the neighborhood knows.

The history of tennis has been written at great length by an author who, no doubt, had not omitted to record all the allusions to the game that are to be culled from Elizbethan authors.

The solitary reference, "Let's to the billiards," is chiefly remarkable as coming from the lips of *Cleopatra* in "Antony and Cleopatra," one of our authors many anachronisms.

ATTITUDES DURING SLEEP.—It is amusing to think of the fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be on this point.

Sleep ever shows himself a great leveler. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly, he may shave himself with the air of infinite superiority—in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions.

But sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures; so that if you can draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime could create wilder laughter.

The toy with a string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together! What a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

THERE is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

FOR rheumatism and neuralgia use Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain.

IT doesn't take gold. A quarter of a dollar will buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE PIED PIPER.—The legend of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" concerns Hamelin a small town in Brunswick, Germany. In the year 1285 the city, so runs the tale, was overrun by rats. One day a strange man, fantastically dressed, who gave his name as Bunting, came and offered to exterminate the vermin for five hundred guilders. The people agreed. The man blew upon a pipe, and all the rats in the city followed the piper to the river Weser, where they were drowned.

The people withheld the stipulated reward, on the plea that Bunting was a sorcerer. Then he vowed vengeance. On June 26 he reappeared, this time fierce of mien and dressed as a hunter, and blew a different tune on his pipe. Straightway the little children, one hundred and thirty in all, came running after him, and he led them up to the Koppenberg, a hill in the neighborhood, which opened and swallowed them up.

According to one account, two only were saved; one was blind, the other dumb, and while the dumb boy pointed out the locality of the tragedy, the blind one related what he had heard and felt. In other accounts, the sole survivor was a lame boy, who had been unable to keep up with the crowd. But ever after he regretted that he had not shared the fate of his companions.

HOW THE HOUSE FLIES WINTER.—Some one has asked, "Where do flies go in winter?" This is a question of some interest, for a house fly is born fully grown and of mature size, and there are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the large ones. The house fly does not bite or pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake or brush-like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and it thus tickles the skin of persons upon whom it alights to feed upon the perspiration. A fly is a scavenger, and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons wounds, and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food. It retires from the sight at the begining of winter, but where it goes few persons know. If a search of the house be made they will be found in great numbers secreted in warm places in the roof, or between the partitions of floors. Last winter we had occasion to examine a roof, and found around the chimney myriads of flies hibernating comfortably, and sufficiently lively to fly when disturbed "in overpowering clouds." No doubt this is a favorite winter resort for these creatures.

SERIOUS MISTAKES.—It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so. To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent exercise is better. To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To eat as if you only had a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste. To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and then imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

CONTENT converts everything near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold; it heightens smoke into flames, flame into light, and light into glory: a single ray of it dissipates pain, care and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven.

A Watch at $38
Fully EQUAL for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75.00 Watch.
Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. These same systems of co-operation carefully & economically managed, has built up The Keystone Watch Club Co. until they are now selling more Watches to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the
Keystone Dust-proof Watch
which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania's manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate timekeeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are Dust and Damp Proof, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jewelled with genuine rubies. Patent Stem Wind & Set, strongest and simplest. Sold through authorized agents at $38.00. Either all cash down or $1.00 per week.
An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.
Keystone Watch Club Co
Main Office in Company's Own Building,
904 Walnut St.
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Agents Wanted
AJAX
Watch Insulator,
$2.00
A perfect protection against magnetism. Fit any watch. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
We refer to any Commercial Agency
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WALNUT ST.
PHILA.
OUR
$10 14-Karat Gold
Filled CHAIN
is guaranteed to wear 20 Years, and is 33⅓% 14-Karat Solid Gold
Look for the stamp K.W. C. Co. 14 K. FLD.—and buy the BEST.

# R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

**Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs**
**Inflammation, Sciatica,**
**Lumbago, Rheumatism,**
**Neuralgia, Headache,**
**Toothache, Influenza,**
**Difficult Breathing,**

CURED BY

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

**The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.**

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. B. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

## PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails in giving ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

**CONQUEROR OF PAIN!**

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

**Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.**

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

## DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

**The Great Liver Remedy.**

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

## SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

## DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good (for Dyspepsia) than all the doctor's medicine that I have taken." ROBERT A. PAGE.
NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM MOONAN.
BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me." THOMAS MCCULLA.
OMAHA, NEB.

"Used to suffer greatly from biliousness and Sick Headache, until I tried your Pills. They are the best I ever tried." LOUIS COSTA.
CAMDEN, N. J.

**Price, 25 cents per box.** Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

# Humorous.

### THE ANSWER.

Two negatives I've heard, sweet maid,
Make an affirmative;
Pray is it true or is it not?
An answer quickly give,
For you are teacher of a school
And certainly should know
All that relates to grammar, and
She answered: "It is so."

He pressed the tiny hand and gazed
Upon the lovely miss,
And said, "I pray you let me take
From those sweet lips a kiss;
Those lips on which the rose you kissed
Has left its crimson glow."
She blushed, she sighed, she hung her head,
And answered him, "No, no!"

—U. N. NONE.

A white lie—Watered milk.

A chewing girl's oath—By gum.

Scull race—A college examination.

A Camden young man calls his girl "Opportunity," because he so gladly embraces her.

Why will a street car conductor stop a man from smoking and the next minute help a woman to a light?

Milkman: "Did you wish to settle for your last month's milk?" Housewife: "Not to-day: I guess you'll have to chalk it, as you usually do."

Policeman, to citizen clinging to lamp-post: "Don't you want a cab, sir?" Citizen: "Yesh, officher, if you can fin' one that ain't turned upside down."

"Yes, Miss Bostonia. In the Mediterranean I sailed through schools of sardines." Miss Bostonia: "Nonsense! How could they swim in those heavy tin boxes?"

"That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear miss," was the reply, "I will soon make it plural!" and the villain did.

To one of the well advanced classes the question was asked: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" was the immediate response from a bright member of the class.

Nurse: "I cannot allow butter and jam, too, on your bread, Master Alfred. It is very extravagant!" Master Alfred: "It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

"Are you going out riding?" "Yes." "Why do you take that bell along instead of a whip?" "Because, you see, I bought this horse from a street railroad company, and he won't move unless I ring a bell."

"I say, Bill," said a worthy fellow, "do you know that Jones said you were not fit to clean his shoes?" "Did he," was the reply; "I hope you defended me." "Yes, that I did." "Well, how did you do it?" "I said you were."

Minister: "You don't look at all well this morning, Uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus: "No, sah; I'se feelin' de want ob sleep. We'e gwine ter hab chicken to-day for dinner, an' 'twas nigh on to 2 o'clock dat dem chickens was delibered."

A little girl was sitting on the floor, when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I won't; I dot here first!" said the little one.

Jenkins, to Brown, earnestly: "What would you say, Brown, if I were to ask you to lend me $100?" Brown, reflectively: "What would I say? Oh, I would probably say, 'Oo, ho, ho—ha, ha, ha—wow, wow, wow,' or something of that sort, Jenkins."

Bobby: "Ma, is the church raising a fund to send our minister to Europe?" Mother: "Yes, dear." Bobby: "And will the church be closed while he is gone?" Mother: "Yes." Bobby: "Well, ma, can't I give that dollar I've saved up to the fund?"

In a New York restaurant. Proprietor, to recently engaged waiter: "You will have to go; I can't keep you." New waiter: "What's the matter?" Proprietor: "Whenever a customer asks you if the fish is fresh you get red in the face. You'd break up the whole business in a short time."

Seedy individual: "Madam, can't you give something to a yellow-fever sufferer?" Woman: "Ain't you the same man that called here last March and got 25 cents to help a blizzard-sufferer?" Seedy individual. "Yes, ma'am. I don't do nuthin' but suffer from one year's end to the other."

A father sent his boy to the country last summer. He charged him to be sure and go to church on Sundays. Among other things he gave him a woodchuck trap. The first letter he received ran thus: "Dear father—I've caught a woodchuck. It was a skunk. I didn't go to church. Yours affectionately, Tom."

Passenger: "Is this train on time, conductor?" Conductor: "One hour late." Passenger: "Well, that's outrageous! I'm in a hurry to get to East St. Louis." Conductor: "Have you ever been in East St. Louis?" Passenger: "No." Conductor: "When you get there you will be sorry the train wasn't later."

Painter, who is looking for work and has pestered Mrs. Hobson beyond endurance: "That house, madam, needs a coat of paint very badly." Mrs. Hobson, impatiently, to servant: "Show this man the front door at once, James." Painter: "Ah, this looks like business. I'll paint that door for you, madam, in good shape, for $5."

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "O, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved; "you have disobeyed me again! How often I have told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy!" "Mamma," said Willie, "do I look as if I had been playing much with anybody?"

LOCKS AND BOLTS.—There are many strange notions connected with the exit of the soul from the body at death. One is, and it is said still to obtain in this as well as in other countries, that the departure of life is delayed so long as any locks or bolts in the house are fastened.

This is a common superstition in France and Germany, and is also found among the Chinese, who make a hole in the roof to let out the soul. In some parts of Holland, when a child is dying, persons shade it from the parents' gaze with their hands to hide the sympathetic glance, which is supposed to detain the soul.

Everyone knows how common the superstition regarding nurses in connection with death has been, as perhaps it still is. There was the "death-watch"—"The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death." Then the howling of dogs at night has long been believed in.

Another omen of death is the hovering of birds around a house and their tapping against a window-pane; while still another is the crowing of a cock at midnight.

Indeed, the superstitions on the subject have been endless, and, if this be in reality an age of scepticism, and much doubt exists in our midst as to the reality of anything which we can neither touch, taste, nor handle, there is some comfort in thinking that we have at least come to disbelieve, among other things, in much that is ridiculous and mischievous.

THE PALM OF THE HAND.—Any one who has a fairly good microscope may find instruction and amusement with but little trouble. He need look no further than the palm of his hand.

On every square inch of its surface there are, it is calculated 3 528 sweat glands, each with its own pore. To every gland is attached a tube which, when straightened out, is a quarter of an inch in length. The length of tubes, therefore, on a square inch of skin is 73½ feet.

The sweat glands do not, of course, exist only on the palms of the hands. They are distributed all over the surface of the body as well. each of us, probably, have about 7 000 000 of them concealed about our person, and the amount of tubing connected with them cannot be much less than 28 miles.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never seem to know it.


**Catarrh Cured.**

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

GUITAR pupils and players can learn prices and of all chords without notes. Send for circulars to Prof. Murdock, 262 Viaduct, Cleveland, O.

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Dyke's Beard Elixir forces heavy moustaches, full beard and hair on bald heads in 30 days. 3 or 6 Pkgs. for cloth. We guarantee it or pay $500. We send sealed (Plain) for 50c. for 3 pkgs. Address Smith Mfg. Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

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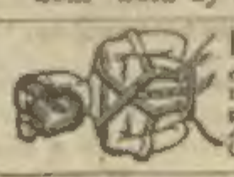
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SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

# Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, November 26, 1888.

3000 Dress Patterns!

It will take days and days to pass them all out.

When we take 40 000 or 50 000 yards of stuffs in a lump from a dealer who has too much, you may be sure the prices are interesting.

Dress Goods generally were never lower, but, taking them on the low level that prevails, 75 cents put into one of these Dress Patterns does the work of $1, or even more.

There would be less of the sensational in all this if the stuffs were off color in any way. They aren't. There isn't a wrong thing about them. First chop for style, weave, quality, dye. New goods of the best makes. And fine wool at that.

More than two hundred and twenty-five styles and colorings in just the weights and weaves you'd pick if you had the run of a dozen counters. In all the going shades and black.

We cut the whole business into liberal Dress Patterns, and let them go for three-quarters or less of the regular low-down piece price.

$5 worth for $3 75.
$6 worth for $4
$6 75 worth for $4 50.
$7 65 worth for $5 25.
$8 worth for $6
$9 worth for $6 75.

THERE ARE SPOTS JUST AS GOOD ALL THROUGH Dress Goods. You may miss it if you don't see the 36 inch all-wool Plaids and Stripes at 39 cents. The lot is rounded full, the stuffs such as might well be a half more.

A BIG PART OF THE BASEMENT IS GETTING LIVELier all the time with advance notes of the Holiday hurrah. Of course it's where the Toys and Dolls and Games are gathered. Playthings and study things that have all the seeming of playthings. A little world of amusement for Children. It's as good as a circus for the little ones to look about there. Wonders in mechanical toys—sure-enough cars that run on the merest bits of track; trumpeters that trump, and all that.

Let the little bright eyes come with you: you'll feel younger and they'll feel cheerier for the treat.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

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## 100 GIVEN AWAY.

To introduce our new goods and Catalogues at once we make this grand offer. We will give the person telling us the longest verse in the Bible (book and chapter) before January 1st, 1889, a solid gold watch Hunting Case Stem Winder, worth $75. If there is more than one correct answer we will give the second a solid gold watch worth $60, the third a solid gold watch worth $50, the fourth a solid gold watch worth $40, the fifth a solid gold watch worth $30. Each of the next 20 if there are that many correct answers a very handsome hunting case new style shell pattern gold finished Watch valued at $20, each, each of the next 75 persons will receive a beautiful gold plated watch worth $10 each. With your answer send 30 cents for which we shall send you a sample lot of our new holiday goods, as follows: 10 pieces full size I sheet music, 100 new designs in fancy work, 250 new mottoes and verses for albums, cards and valentines, 75 new tricks in magic, 25 choice tableaux, 60 Puzzles and rebuses, the great $500 prize Chinese Block, 300 funny pictures, 24 artistic letters for fancy work, 25 life like pictures of Presidents, Poets, Statesmen, etc. The great game of Fortune, The seventh book of Moses. The seven wonders of the world. All the different flirtations. The game of Fox and Geese, the game of Nine Penny Morris, the Deaf and Dumb alphabet, the fortune telling tablet. Remember, we send you securely packed and post-paid all the above goods. Money refunded if not more than satisfactory. Mention this paper. Enclose 30 cents. Address KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., P. O. Box 3960. No. 70 Nassau St., N. Y.

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

### Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps a ready increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following testimonials from well known persons who have used this Wash for a number of years, and been greatly benefited by it, are sufficient proof that it is all that is claimed for it:—

NAVY PAY OFFICE, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

E. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To whom it may concern:

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past ten or twelve years, and have found it a most excellent "tonic" for the hair, having cleansing and invigorating properties of a very high order.

Respectfully,
LEWIS H. COX.

OAK HALL, S. E. Corner Sixth and Market Sts.

DEAR SIR:—If an inquiry was made to me as to where and from whom a good article of Hair Tonic could be obtained, I would, from long experience, recommend "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" as the very best article manufactured.

Yours truly, W. H. WANAMAKER.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and to it I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.

MRS. J. W. LODGE.
Merion Station, Montgomery Co. Pa.

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No. 126 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1886

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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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# TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

# INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

## THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

### Latest Fashion Phases.

The styles of making gowns in Paris are not so distinctively new this winter as the combination of the colors, and the make of silks. Brocatelles are once more to the fore; and plain cloth coats are either made with brocaded silk petticoats, or panels of silk imitating the waistcoats and cuffs.

The patterns cover the fabric entirely with conventionalised flowers; the dominant idea being a black ground with a colored design, and when this is reversed the black pattern is outlined with white, like a white line, carried round the flowers.

A very great deal of green is worn—but in good truth we are reproducing pretty faithfully the modes of fifty years back; only as all fashions return they are slightly modified.

When flowers or leaves form the design unconventionalised, they are scattered and elongated, standing up just as newly-gathered blooms would do.

There are two extremes, either a simple copying of nature or eccentric geometric patterns. Instead of Cashmerienne and Indian designs, we have fallen back on Persian, which are less stiff, and the colorings fewer in number.

There are a number of new trimmings, which meet the present decided taste for extensive ornamentations in all that appertains to dress.

We wear every color of the rainbow, but we blend them with such silk that there is nothing garish. We simply perpetuate the soft and lovely combinations which abound in nature, and yet never can offend the most critical eye.

Gold galons, very open and lace like, are applied as waist-coats for bodices, and as borders to draperies on many shot woolens. The favorite design is a double circle, one above the other, united by a straight line in the centre.

Another idea is a coarse make of gold braid, which has Chinese letters in many colors, shaded from dark to light. This has a most admirable effect on light materials, and wears well without the least fading.

One of the prettiest fashions, however, are the metallic threads, worked on crepe lisse. This transparent fabric allows the material to show through, and the tints of several brocades are exactly reproduced in the embroidery.

Many detached pieces of fine wrought cord work, with long tasselled drops have been prepared for the tops of sleeves; and the gold and embroidered lappetings make most handsome ornamentations for dresses, both sides being alike waved.

Gems are also introduced with these threads, and ribbon and flannel have been worked in the same way in broad and narrow widths, and this is much used for tea gowns on cream grounds. Straight edges are in vogue, and pine patterns, in such tones as gray and terra-cotta.

New ribbons have inch wide alternate stripes of dark and light-shaded colors or a shaded stripe and white. Bands of leather are now employed for the ornamentation of dresses, with little straps to go with them intended to be placed down the bodice fronts, a buckle in the centre, and this garniture can be had in any color.

Leather will be a very important item in trimming season dresses, and for tailor-made gowns for the present. The new belts are made in various kinds of repousse leather borrowed from Japanese and Viennese designs. White and black is a good combination.

Many are in the nature of fish scales, while some belts are merely oxidized chains hung round the waist. Morocco trimmings are in favor, too often with gold printed ornamentations upon them.

A great variety of ornamental combs have been made curved sideways with double tops, and in all kinds of shapes, and the new bonnet pins are made in agate to match all the mixed colors of the shot or chameleon ribbons.

We incidentally saw a few delicious things for small children. One of them a pelisse made of cream-colored ottoman, and trimmed with beaver, was lovely.

One would want to eat up a pretty child dressed in that pelisse, or in another made of cream silk matelee, with a cape of seal plush, and a band of the same round the skirt, and a quaint little tab of the plush at the back holding the folds that provided for the plump little shape of a child's form.

A small boy's coat of cream-colored curl-cloth was made double-breasted, fastening down the front with a double row of pretty white buttons. The sleeves, pockets and cape were finished with white silk cord. The curl-cloth is very much like astrakhan.

A lovable little bonnet for a tiny baby-girl was made with several very narrow tucks down the back of the crown. Baby-ribbon was lavished on the trimming, in loops, rosettes, and cap beneath the brim. A curtain finished off the back edged with lace.

I admired a little girl's bonnet of pinked-out white serge, too. This could be made in any color to match a costume. Some of the white felt hats were pretty.

Boas are even longer than last year's. The fashionable capes are not so much shoulder-capes as wide turn-down collars, with up-right bands encircling the neck and coming up unusually high; they are known by the name of "Raleigh." Most of these capes have one end crossing in front and tapering to the waist, being a double protection to the chest.

The richest makes of matelassé have been introduced again for mantles, which are not made merely in black, but are outlined with stitches in color, which often blend with the pattern.

Many of the best brocaded patterns have velvet and silk mixed together in elongated designs, which leave no ground visible: for example, in the lily of the valley the leaves would be of matelee design, and the flower velvet.

Broche has already given place to embossed velvet, and the cloths and silks show brocaded designs.

Fur, passementerie and marabout are mostly used for trimming with braiding and embroidery, for every kind of embroidery is in vogue, and the linings are nearly all shot silk.

As the season advances, very little will be worn but long mantles entirely covering the dress.

Russian-blue, a superb dark shade greatly favored by the Princess of Wales, is one of the very popular colors of the season.

The universal becomingness of this particular tone in blue renders it an exceptional favorite of women either of fair or clear olive complexion. Blue in its deep tints is never obtrusive.

It does not fade in silk or all-wool fabrics, and it is agreeably relieved in gold, certain shades of red, ecru, tan and silver. The shades above designated appears in fabrics of broadcloth, lattie, cashmere, camel's hair, vigogne, velvet, tricot, fancy silk and velvet combinations, woolen armure and English serge.

Some of the new black costumes and tailor-made gowns exhibited are of exceptional beauty and richness. Moire, Victoria reps, lattie, Irish poplin, bengaline and many fine black wool dresses appear braided or jet garnitured in most instances.

Not a few models are in princess style, semi-trained, and open on the corsage over a jetted Russian guimpe, exactly as children's dresses are made. Others have plain skirts, smocked or shirred to a pointed bodice.

Jet ornamentation appears to have risen beyond the caprices of fashion and become a standard national or rather world-wide garniture. The expense of jet trimmings that have appeared this season are entirely new in device and elaborateness of pattern, and are well worthy to be classed among the novelties in art.

A pretty way to make an afternoon dress is to form the overskirt of three widths of cashmere, this as long as the underskirt. Shirr or plait this to a belt, but open it the entire length of the front, and wear a petticoat beneath of watered silk.

Let most of the overdress be massed at the back. Make a Russian jacket of the cashmere, or, for more dressy use, velvet, this open over a vest or blouse of the moire.

Silk is very much employed for trimming not only jackets but is also used for dresses; it is to be had in all shades of color. Woolen lace is also very fashionable for simpler costumes during this season.

NELL.

### Odds and Ends.

#### SOME DECORATIVE WORK.

What to do with newspapers, if we are tidily inclined, is a question of importance. There are stands of wicker and brass, but these in a small room are sometimes in the way.

The newspaper sling cases will be found most useful, and it can be made ornamental in many ways. As it hangs by a cord on the wall, it cannot be objected to on the score of want of space.

To make it the following are necessary: A rod with brass knobs at both ends, measuring about a half a yard in length, some plush that will harmonize with the colors of the curtains, chair-coverings and carpet, and cords and tassels.

The holland is joined together at the ends like a round towel, then a running is made and the rod put in; the newspapers slip into this sling case.

So much for the useful part; now comes the ornamental. The plush is cut rather larger both ways than the sling—that is, after the sling is made up, for the cover is only needed in front. It is scalloped at the bottom, and over the top falls a short scalloped valance.

Down both sides is a painted or embroidered design of flowers, such as clematis, or climbing roses or honeysuckle; and in the centre, worked in gold, is the owner's monogram.

On the valance is the word, "Newspapers," and the plush is corded around after being lined with silk to match, or of a good contrasting color. The cord to hang it up by is attached to the rods close to the knobs and ends, finished with handsome tassels, fall half way down the plush; more tassels are added below the nail on which the cord rests.

Fancy pincushions to hang up are all the "go." Indeed, there is quite a mania for pendants of all sorts; on the ends of screens, on bell handles, or wherever there happens to be a handy knob, there something will be suspended.

The last new pincushion can best be described as in the shape of a hexagonal vase, with the mouth holding the pincushion. It is made in cardboard, neatly covered with satin, corded around the lip, and each side is decorated with a prettily arranged group of flowers, which may be painted or embroidered.

The pincushion is round and covered with velvet. Cords to hang it up by and tasty pompons aid in forming quite a dainty little knicknack for the parlor.

We are quite accustomed now to see flowerpots and large bowls thus draped with silk, sometimes carelessly and sometimes more formally.

The pot is often stood upon a square or circular piece of silk, which is raised to the top of the flowerpot, and there held in place by a gathered thread, carried round, firmly held in place, and fastened on.

I cannot, however, recommend this plan from a purely tasteful point of view. Only the hand of an artist can drape a flowerpot so as to make it really successful, and unless well done the effect is ludicrous, and not what the owner intended that it should be.

An infinite variety of small articles are now mounted upon easels, so that they will stand upon a table and display themselves easily for inspection.

One of the latest fancies is thus to mount a small wooden palette, which is covered with plush. Into the front of this are screwed a few tiny brass hooks, so disposed as to be convenient for holding miniatures, ancient seals, metals or similar curiosities of small size.

Another and more useful adjunct to a table easel, is a letter case made on a cardboard foundation, in precisely the shape of a large oblong envelope, with the pointed flap upright and open.

These are convenient either as cases, or to contain cards and stray photographs. Made on a larger scale, they will hold newspapers or sheets of music.

The back of the case is cut out of an oblong piece of cardboard first, the upper part being pointed to form the shape of the flap, and this will be covered smoothly on both sides with plain satin.

The front of the case is next cut out of cardboard and covered with plush, cross-pieces of either fancy galon or fine cord being tacked across to resemble the divisions of an ordinary envelope. Two small triangular sides are covered with satin and sewn in between the front and back of the envelope to allow more room for the contents and an edging of cord is finally carried all around as a finish. These easels on a small bamboo stand or table are often useful to fill up what would otherwise be a vacant corner.

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JEWELLER: "Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge. Young Man: "Well, inscribe on it 'From George to Alice.'" Jeweler: "The young lady is your sister, maybe?" Young Man: "The fact is, this is an engagement ring." Jeweler: "Ah! My young friend I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply 'From George.' Then it will do for anybody."

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POMPANO: "There goes a man who, in one respect, is the most remarkable man I ever knew." De Baggs: "Looks like a common, every day sort of cuss. What has he done?" Pompano (impressively): "He is the only man I ever met whom the habit of early rising did not render offensive."

### Confidential Correspondents.

DIER.—A divorce means the annulling of the marriage contract; a judicial separation is a putting of the parties to the marriage contract asunder, without the privilege of marrying again. They are parted, but in law are still man and wife.

B. O.—The oft-used and celebrated quotation, "To make a virtue of necessity," we believe occurs in Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act 4, scene 1. It is spoken by one of the outlaws, as an excuse for his being a kind of genteel highway robber. It occurs also in Chaucer.

NATURALIST.—The tincture known as Fowler's solution of arsenic is the best preparation for preserving the skins of birds. It should be applied to the inside of the skin with a brush; the skin should then be exposed in the air to dry. It is equally of service in preserving the skins of small animals. Remember always that it is a most deadly poison, and must be handled with the extremest care.

M. E.—The only real cure for corns is to remove the source of irritation. Corns always arise from pressure or friction of some adjoining substance—it may be a neighboring toe, or it may be the shoe leather. If nothing is allowed to touch the corn it will speedily soften and ultimately vanish. Strong acids—such as acetic acid—destroy the hardened skin by virtue of their corrosive properties.

S. G. T.—Vegetable oils are so numerous, and their properties so similar, that it requires great experience to point out the difference. Some oils dry after long exposure to the air—linseed, for instance, while olive oil never does so. Olive oil congeals when at the temperature of ice, while colza, rape, castor, and linseed oils do not do so. These facts give an idea of the methods of distinguishing them.

BUYER.—Land probably has reached its highest price on this side the Atlantic in the lower wards of New York. For store sites on Fifth Avenue, $85 per square foot was paid in March, 1880. D. O. Mills paid $85 per square foot for the area occupied by his building on Broad Street, the Astors $100 per square foot for 8 and 10 Broadway, and the Williamsburg Fire Insurance Company $115 per square foot for the site of their structure at Liberty Street and Broadway.

E. HENRY.—Moulds for wax should be made of pewter, and they should be quite clean. As wax shrinks considerably at a low temperature, it will easily come out of the mould when placed in a cold position. The mould should be of a shape free from catching or solder points. Wax may be colored red with vermilion or Indian red; or blue, with smalt, stirred in just before the wax is ready to set: if too hot, these colors settle. Alkanet root put into wax, and kept liquid for some time, gives it a beautiful transparent dark rose color. Finally, it must be strained through muslin.

R. T.—The Chiltern Hundreds in English politics, are a range of eminences in Buckinghamshire. In the olden time the woods which covered the hills were infested with robbers, and a steward was appointed by Government to put them down, and to protect the inhabitants of the country round about. For very many years the stewardship has been in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and made to serve a curious purpose. No Member of the House of Commons can resign his seat unless disqualified. When therefore one wishes to resign he applies to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which, if granted, being an office under government, at once disqualifies him, and his seat is vacant. The appointment is merely nominal; and the office, which has a small salary, all fees, is resigned immediately it is obtained.

IONA.—Do not give way to despondency. Endeavor to shake off the distracted feeling that must be such a drawback to a reasonable and right mode of thinking. Stay by your mother, by all means. Persuade her firmly and mildly to assert her rights, to treat both her daughters with equal consideration and equal benefit, in every possible way. Your sister, if she is a sensible girl, when she sees she is no longer to have the entire command, will transfer it to the hands of its rightful owner. We hope then that everything will be fair and equal, and that there will be no favoritism shown in the case of either. We gather from the spirit of your letter just an inkling of something that makes us think that you yourself are jealous of your sister's power, and would like to be treated just a little better, and considered just a wee bit more than she is. Is this so?

SMITH.—Perhaps time and change, not chance, may determine you; but our advice would be to take time by the forelock, and determine for yourself. You love the girl, and if she loves you warmly, her youth and love will give her a fixity of purpose, and your good and calm advice will make her see the error of somebody's ways. But there is a foolish feebleness about the girl, indicated in your letter, which we don't like. She who "sets no value on truth, and has never been restricted in keeping young men in their place, and who professes great horror at being an old maid," can hardly be expected to make a revered and modest wife. But all this may be mere surface folly. Why not talk seriously and lovingly to her? and if you have any effect on her, then marry her. Marriage is indeed too serious a matter to be entered on with those seriously doubtful circumstances about it that you mention.

DEBATE.—It would be better for you if you looked up these things for yourself. In a debate, much can be said on the side of both. Steam concerns the body; printing the mind. Written language first discovered disseminated knowledge, and thus made, and that alone made, steam possible. Printing not only disseminated, but preserved knowledge in an incalculable degree beyond what manuscript could possibly have done; nay, as it both kept and planted it, it was not only an invention itself, but the cause of invention in others. It sowed the thoughts of great men up and down, and as transplanted thought is as vigorous as original thought, printing made every lover of Shakspeare and Milton a Shakspeare and Milton; nay, it threw threw the Bible out by millions; and as every man is good at the time he is reading and feeling great and good thoughts, printing lifted us nearer to God. It made steam, and then harnessed it to its press. There is only one invention greater, and that is, that of letters; and the one invention greater than that is God's gift,—thought, speech, sympathy, communication. These are one effective agent for civilising mankind, and cultivating and subduing the world.